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CHINA



MAIL

RELAX IN **DAKS.**
THE BUSINESS COMPANY
IN ACTION TRUNKERS
Whiteaways

No. 36498

SATURDAY, JULY 21, 1956.

Price 30 Cents

COMMENT OF THE DAY

The Aswan Dam

THERE is little doubt that the American government's decision not to participate in the Aswan Dam project in the present circumstances was considerably influenced by congressional sentiment. Congress last week made no bones about their feelings—they were solidly against heavy dollar commitments for the project. Colonel Nasser, the Egyptian President, has done most to lose popular American support for the ambitious development scheme. He could have closed with the joint Anglo-US financing offer some time ago when American public opinion was fairly well disposed towards him and his regime. But he preferred to go fishing in the troubled waters of international politics, accepting Communist-made military equipment, attempting to upset the balance of power in the Middle East, and nibbling at Soviet offers to help him build the dam. Officially the reasons for the withdrawal of the American aid offer are failure of the states possessing proprietary rights to the Nile reaching agreement on the division of the river's waters, and the uncertainty of Egypt's ability to devote adequate resources to assure the project's success. Both are tenable objections, yet behind the decision can be discerned a powerful political influence. The question now posed is whether Egypt and the other interested Nile states have lost all chance of possessing a redoubtable dam, the existence of which would transform the hidden resources of a vast area. Or does the project now become a Russian undertaking?

The Soviet Union has made tentative assistance offers to Egypt, and assuredly Foreign Minister Shepilov discussed the scheme with Nasser during his recent visit to Cairo. Nevertheless it would appear that inasmuch as the Egyptian Ambassador to Washington was this week instructed to accept the Western offer, Moscow was not able to give solid assurances of financing the undertaking. President Nasser may have thought he was being clever in playing Russia off against the United States, but from his point of view the net result can hardly be counted a success. But then, perhaps, Colonel Nasser really doesn't care a rap about a dam. After all, he's had an amusing political flirtation.

PEKING BUYS BRITISH CARS IN HK

Convoy Of 28 Leaves This Morning

BY A STAFF CORRESPONDENT

The United Kingdom motor industry, which has been in the doldrums for the last few months, may now take heart. A "new" field has been opened to it—China is purchasing. This morning 28 British Standard Vanguard 3s, ordered by the Peking Government left Kowloon for the border. This was the largest single order for cars placed with a Hongkong firm by the Communist regime.

Some months ago about 12 British and four German cars were delivered, but not from local stock. A reliable source said this morning that the Vanguards, valued at about \$284,000 cash were to be used as taxis. (It has been reported that there is a shortage of taxis in the capital.) However it was also thought locally that some—or all—might be for the use of high government officials. The order was placed with Far East Motors by China Resources, the official Peking Government buying agency in Hongkong. No spare parts were involved in the deal—the cars were sold out of stock as they would have been to any ordinary buyer, though no doubt the purchase price was reduced for quantity. The 28-car convoy, made up into two sections, left Middle Road, Kowloon, at about 7.15 a.m. and was due to arrive at Man Kam To (the vehicular bridge crossing) at about 10 a.m.



This composite picture shows some of the 28 Standard Vanguards lined up in Middle Road, and the head of the 28-car convoy in Salisbury Road on its way to the border.—Staff Photographer.

China Mail Feature Highlights

- Here are some of today's feature highlights:
- P. 5: The deep of the leading countries, a world's strangest story, by Felix Barker. What is it like to live in a goldfish bowl? by Albert Stewart.
- P. 8: I feel the pulse of another Peking, by Sef-ton Delmer. Can you do Paris on 225, by Roderick Mann.
- P. 7: Beginning: The story of Annigoni, portrait painter of the Queen, by David Wynne Morgan. William Hickey.
- P. 8: Brave new world revisited, part III, by Aldous Huxley. A million deal for Diana Dora, by Christopher Dobson.
- P. 13: Les Amours examines the character and politics of Solomon Bandaranaike.
- P. 14: Cyril Stapleton's record column. Nancy Spain on books.
- P. 10 & 17: Local and overseas sports reviews.

Locally employed drivers were used in the operation until the convoy reached the border. It was understood that at Man Kam To the cars were to be examined by the Hongkong Customs. Following the examination the cars were to be handed over to Peking officials for chassis and engine number checks, etc. The handover was expected to take about three-quarters of an hour. Although there was no official or unofficial comment this morning the deal was thought to be the forerunner of other orders from the Peking Government.

AMERICA LAGGING BEHIND IN DEVELOPING ATOMIC POWER

Washington, July 20. The United States government was today urged to speed up the development of civilian atomic power in an effort to keep up with British and Soviet advances. The House Appropriations Committee, in a majority report accompanying a bill financing the atomic energy commission, declared the United States was "bogged down in inexcusable stagnation" in the race to develop atomic power.

The United States was behind Britain and the Soviet Union in atomic power, the report said, adding "the Russians and the British are going to have atomic electric power sooner than this country." It sharply criticised Mr Lewis Strauss, Chairman of the AEC and called for a reorganisation of the Commission. "If we drag our feet—and we are dragging our feet—the other nations of the world will inevitably turn to Britain and Russia as the suppliers of atomic electric power plants," it added.

AWESOME DANGERS

The committee said the inherent dangers in the operation of an atomic power plant "are awesome to consider." No one could say that an atomic plant would not get out of control. "The problem goes way beyond the possibility of explosion, as industrial explosions are known to us. The problem is the escape of radioactive gases or waters into the surrounding terrain. This danger alone is of such magnitude that only the Government itself is in a position to go ahead with the vital problem at hand. "Envisage the consequences to a metropolitan area in the event that an atomic electric power plant were to get out of control," it added. Because "the outbreak of an atomic war could render the entire earth, or a large portion of it, uninhabitable the com-

mittee said: "It follows that an international agreement to outlaw A-bombs and H-bombs as weapons of warfare is a logical prospect." If an agreement on prohibition was reached the report said, "the likely factor in a war fought with conventional weapons will be the nation or group of nations possessing the greatest energy potential." "In other words, the earliest possible development of atomic electric power by the United States is immediately required of efficient achievement of efficient atomic electric power is a true road to world peace."

"The issue now confronting this country is not the issue of private power versus public power. The issue rather is American versus Russian power," the report added.—Reuter.

Russia Willing To Buy

London, July 20. The Soviet Union is prepared to spend between 27 and 36 million pounds sterling on about 500 special machines, made in Britain, Mr V. E. Skoblov, an official of the Soviet Machine Construction Ministry, said at Shrewsbury today. Skoblov is a member of a Soviet trade delegation visiting Britain under the leadership of Vice-Premier Vyacheslav Malyshev. The Soviet official added that the amount of machinery to be purchased would be decided at talks to be held soon between Malyshev and the President of the British Board of Trade, Mr Peter Thorneycroft.—France-Press.

MISSING FOR TWO MONTHS

Washington, July 20. Peter Winant, 32, nephew of the late Ambassador, John Winant, has been missing for the past two months in a rugged area of Northern Afghanistan which borders Russia, it was disclosed today. Frederick Winant, father of the missing man, told newsmen the Afghan government had been "very helpful and cooperative" but had been unable to find any trace of a bus in which Peter left Kabul on May 20 en route to Iran. Peter was accompanied by a Swedish missionary, Miss Gunnel Gunneson. They had been working together in India to improve living conditions in an impoverished village. Peter, a graduate of the Boston University Theological School, had been in India for about two years.—United Press.

FEARS HER HUSBAND HAS BEEN ABDUCTED

Washington, July 20. The wife of a former Soviet Army captain who defected to the West said today she feared her husband had been kidnapped by Soviet agents and forced to return to Russia. Mrs Boris Olshansky, a German citizen employed as a restaurant cashier here, said she last saw her husband on June 4 when he left here to go to Bremerhaven, Germany. Six days later she received a letter from him postmarked in Moscow. Mrs Olshansky said her husband left Washington National Airport on June 4 and was supposed to have boarded a ship, the St Severn Seas from Montreal, for Bremerhaven. He had a job there waiting for Possey, an anti-Communist weekly newspaper.

NOT ON SHIP

She said her husband never boarded the ship but was not missed until he failed to arrive in Frankfurt. But she said the editor of Possey had received a telegram from him on June 8 that he was on his way. "If he is in Russia he'll never get out," she said. Olshansky testified before a Congressional Committee in 1952 that the Russians, not the Nazis, committed the Katyn massacre in Poland.

8-PAGE LETTER

Mrs Olshansky said she was sick and had not been able to go to work since she received an eight-page letter from her husband on June 10. "She said he referred to Moscow as his 'home' and said that he would be working there. He said he and their three children to go and live with him. The handwriting in the letter definitely was his, she said. The letter has been turned over to the FBI.—United Press.

Can't Form Govt

The Hague, July 20. A Dutch government spokesman said today Dr Willem Drees, outgoing Socialist Prime Minister, had virtually conceded defeat in his attempt to form a new government after the Catholic Party yesterday rejected his programme. "It is hardly possible that Dr Drees can form a new government now," the spokesman said.—Reuter.

PARIS MEETING

Paris, July 20. Youth leaders from the 16 nations of the Atlantic alliance are to meet here for five days from July 23 to confer on the aims and accomplishments of the organisation. Nato's headquarters announced today.—Reuter.

EXPRESS RUNS OFF RAILS

Grenoble, July 20. The Grenoble-Veynes-Marsailles passenger express train ran off the rails at a branch-off today three minutes after leaving here. First reports said two persons were killed and five seriously injured. The train had pulled out of Grenoble at 12.22 p.m. The derailment occurred at the Veynes-Chambery branch-off on the southern outskirts of the town.—United Press.

Nuclear Grain Is The Latest Possibility

London, July 20. Seeds planted after subjection to nuclear bombardment have produced crops which may revolutionise the future growth of wheat, oats and barley, it was disclosed here. Detailed results of this experiment will not be known until the crops are harvested in September, but a preliminary examination by seed specialists had resulted in satisfactory reports. The object of the experiment conducted in the Lincolnshire hills by a seed firm is to see whether seeds exposed to atomic radiation will produce better and stronger crops. It is already known that radiation induces basic changes in growth. One new growth discovered by the experts here is a type of oat with a thicker stalk than previously known, and crops of this variety would be immensely valuable in northern England and Scotland where oats are continuously buffeted by high winds.—China Mail Special.

CLEANING-UP

Saigon, July 20. South Vietnamese troops began a cleaning-up campaign today against isolated rebel units and criminals believed hiding in an area 25 miles north of here. Their action is expected to end all armed opposition to the government, officials said.—United Press.

Accra, July 20.

One man was shot dead and three injured by gunshots in the Ashanti territories of the Gold Coast, during incidents following Tuesday's general elections, it was reported in Accra tonight.—France-Press.

the strongest and most persistent insect-killer ever!

Shell Cockroach Killer
with Dieldrin

Good news! Shell Cockroach Killer now contains the amazing new Shell Insecticide DIELDRIN.

As a result, it kills quicker, and goes on killing longer than anything you've known before. Spray or brush it on walls and woodwork; spray it under sinks and stoves, in cupboards and drawers. World health experts have already proved DIELDRIN's amazing efficacy, because it is the most effective and safe insecticide known today.

Ask for Shell Cockroach Killer at your usual store.

banish cockroaches overnight

Revolutionary Aerodynamic

PLYMOUTH '56 IS HERE!

Many amazing NEW FEATURES.

LARGER BORE means increased power. SHORT STROKE means less friction, longer engine life.	INCREASED TORQUE produces faster acceleration when starting or passing and levels out the hills.
HIGHER COMPRESSION RATIO squeezes more power from every drop of fuel, ensuring livelier performance.	HIGHER HORSEPOWER lets engine work without strain, gives reserve for use when needed.

A new era in Automatic driving is here. Seeing is believing. Call for a demonstration!

GILMANS
132 NATHAN ROAD TEL. 62146 62456

As the shadows shorten

As near as you approach the Equator the shorter the shadows and the longer the glasses. Where your glass is nearly as long as your shadow, thirst is a major industry.

There in the glasses of those who really know the subject, you find Rose's Lime Juice, Nature's finest answer to thirst: the pure juice of the lime with its own reviving tang and pure cane sugar for flavour and energy.

When you're sun baked, parched and dry—keep your mind on the Rose's ahead, long, liquid, cool, tinkling with ice.

When you have a really first-class thirst make the most of it with Rose's.

ROSE'S Lime juice
—MAKES THIRST WORTH WHILE

KING'S PRINCESS

COMMENCING TO-DAY



AGAR - CORDAY - CARROLL

KING'S 5 SHOWS TO-MORROW

"TARANTULA"
EXTRA MORNING SHOW AT 11.30 A.M.
At Regular Prices

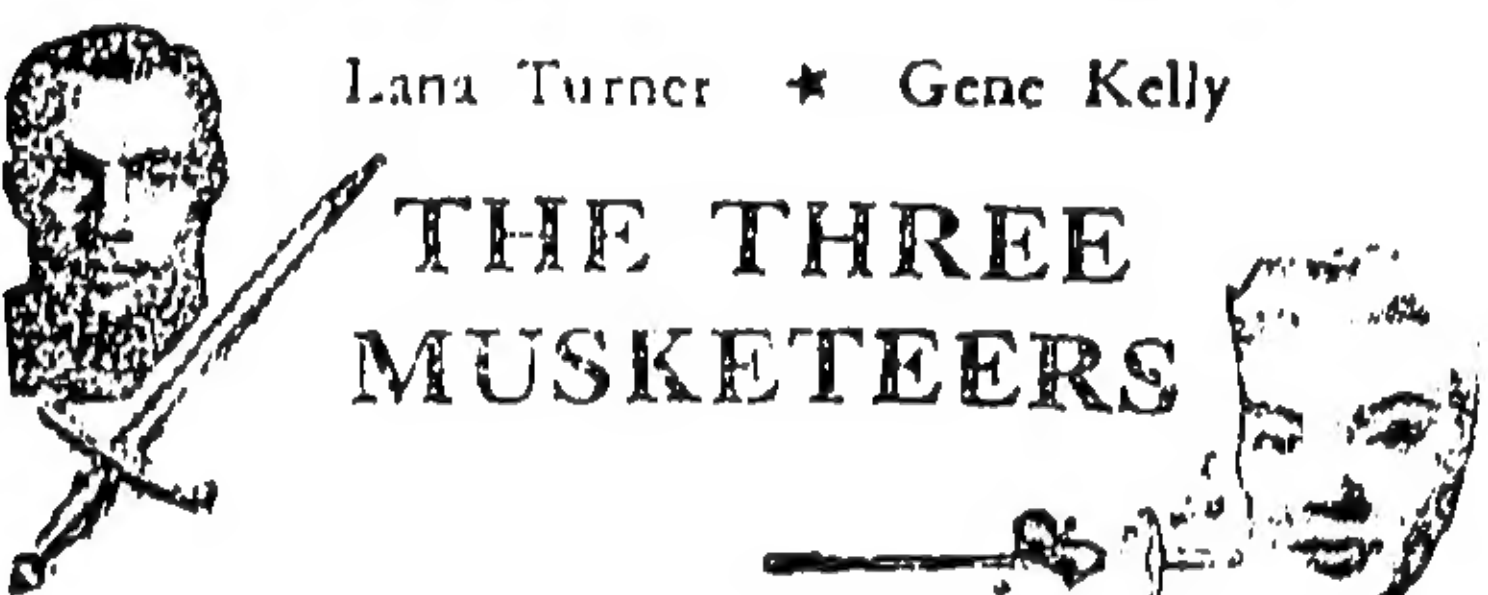
PRINCESS EXTRA MORNING SHOW
To-morrow at 11.00 a.m.

Paramount Technicolor Cartoons
At Reduced Prices

HOOVER LIBERTY

CAUSEWAY BAY TEL. 72371 KOWLOON TEL. 60148, 60248

M-G-M FAVOURITE FILM WEEK
TO-DAY AT 2.30, 5.20, 7.30 & 9.40 P.M.



SUNDAY, 22nd JULY (5 SHOWS)



HOOVER At 11.30 a.m., 2.30, 5.20, 7.30 & 9.40 p.m.
LIBERTY At 12.00 noon, 2.30, 5.20, 7.30 & 9.40 p.m.

MONDAY, 23rd JULY
"KING SOLOMON'S MINES"
Starring: Stewart GRANGER • Deborah KERR

TUESDAY, 24th JULY
"AN AMERICAN IN PARIS"
Starring: Gene KELLY • Leslie CARON

WEDNESDAY, 25th JULY
"ANNIE GET YOUR GUN"
Starring: Betty HUTTON • Howard KEEL

LEE **TO-DAY**
4 SHOWS TO-DAY AT 2.30, 5.30, 7.30 & 9.30 P.M.
LI LI HWA in
"A PHANTOM'S LOVE AFFAIR"
(鬼戀)
A Chinese Picture — Dialogue in Mandarin
Admissions: \$1.00, \$1.50, \$2.00 & \$3.00
MORNING SHOW TO-MORROW AT 11.30 A.M.
WALT DISNEY'S
"Snow White And The Seven Dwarfs"
Colour by Technicolor!
Added: Walt Disney's TRUE LIFE ADVENTURE
"NATURE'S HALF ACRE"
Printed in Technicolor!
At Reduced Prices: \$1.00 & 70 cts.

WORLD WIDE FAVOURITES
Commencing Thursday, July 26, 1956
4 show daily—At Reduced Prices: \$1, \$1.50, \$2 & \$3.

July 26 **Paramount Presents**
"ROMAN HOLIDAY"
Starring: Audrey HEPBURN — Gregory PECK

July 27 **Paramount Presents**
"REAR WINDOW"
Starring: James STEWART — Grace KELLY
VistaVision — Technicolor

July 28 **Warner Bros. presents**
"EAST OF EDEN"
Starring: James DEAN — Jo Van FLEET
CinemaScope — Warner Color

July 29 **CHARLIE CHAPLIN in**
"MODERN TIMES"
Released Thru United Artists

July 30 **Columbia presents**
"JUBAL"
Starring: Glenn FORD — Ernest BORGNINE
CinemaScope — Technicolor

July 31 **Paramount Presents**
"SEPTEMBER AFFAIR"
Starring: Joan FONTAINE — Joseph COTTEN

FILMS

Current & Coming
BY JANE ROBERTS

This Week's Films In Pictures



Richard Egan and Jane Russell in a scene from "The Revolt of Mamie Stover"

There was a "Full House" sign at the Queen's cinema on Wednesday afternoon when I went along to see the first show of "The Vanishing Prairie".

I have not been able to get the opinion of any of the many children I saw there, but for myself, I was a little disappointed. "The Living Desert" was such a good cinema as well as being interesting and well photographed that it seemed as though Walt Disney could not fail to come up with another winner.

Perhaps the fault was that he kept too close to the formula used in the earlier picture and in trying to re-use it let out some of the more successful factors.

The background for instance is not as varied or as colourful as "The Living Desert" and too close a concentration on the birds and beasts pulls after a time.

The antics of the prairie dogs are amusing and it is difficult to imagine how some of the undergrowth photographs were obtained. Their struggle for existence is well illustrated by references to their many enemies, and gives Walt Disney a chance to bring in coyotes, ferrets, falcons, badgers, owls, etc. However, a delight in all animals does not protect one from a high irritation at the length of the "spat" with these prairie dogs.

Children's Favourite

In "The Vanishing Prairie", as the title suggests, Disney has singled out the birds and animals whose numbers are dwindling and to build the attention the narrator interposes remarks on the actions of the subjects on the screen. Some are a help, and others a hindrance.

The scene showing the birth of a bison is included in this version and while being a little distasteful, has been handled quite unemotionally and in my opinion, can cause no anxiety to the sensible parent or teacher. The more positive instruction a child receives on matters of this sort, the less unhealthy whispering there will be.

Of all the animals photographed, the cougar, panther, mountain lion, I believe, is one of his many names you wish to see. I will probably be the children's favourite. It is emphasised that he is not the mean murderer that he is often mislabelled, but kills only when he is hungry. His grace is superb and the slow motion shots (these are used often in "The Vanishing Prairie") do it to this well.

New Films At A Glance

SHOWING

HOOVER AND LIBERTY: "The Three Musketeers". A swashbuckler, Lana Turner, Gene Kelly.

KING'S AND PRINCESS: "Tarantula". Horror film, John Agar, Mara Corday, Leo G. Carroll.

NEW YORK AND GREAT WORLD: "A Town Like Alice". About women POWs under the Japanese. Virginia McKenna, Peter Finch, Marie Lohr.

QUEEN'S, ALHAMBRA and EMPIRE: "The Vanishing Prairie". A Walt Disney feature.

ROXY AND BROADWAY: "The Revolt of Mamie Stover". A girl in love with money, Jane Russell, Richard Egan, Joan Leslie, Agnes Moorehead.

COMING

HOOVER AND LIBERTY: "Ransom". Search for a kidnapped child, Glenn Ford, Donna Reed.

KING'S AND PRINCESS: "The Return of Jack Slade". A western, John Ericson, Mari Blanchard, Neville Brand.

QUEEN'S, ALHAMBRA and EMPIRE: "The Spoilers". A western, Rory Calhoun, Jeff Chandler, Anne Baxter.

NEW YORK AND GREAT WORLD: "The Quiet Man". Romance and whimsy in Ireland, John Wayne, Maureen O'Hara, Victor MacLaglen, Barry Fitzgerald.

QUEEN'S and ALHAMBRA: "The River Changes". A boundary change and its effect on German homes.

ROXY AND BROADWAY: "John and Julie". The adventures of two children trying to see the Coronation, Mollie Hater, Noelle Mitchell, Constance Cummings, Willard Hyde White.

A picture not to be missed, but don't be disappointed if it doesn't quite reach your expectations—Disney set himself a very high standard with "The Living Desert".

Siam In Colour

Showing with "The Vanishing Prairie" at the Empire, Queen's and Alhambra cinemas is another Walt Disney production — "Siam".

This is a pleasing documentary, well photographed in colour and combines painless instruction with humour and charm.

It has wisely evaded the easy trip of parading the numerous temples of Bangkok, and instead, with only a short excursion into the pomp and circumstance of Siamese Royalty, concentrates on a typical family living on a sampan.

Like their Chinese counterparts, the Siamese are a phenomenal number of people into their small boat and as the cat is to the Siamese what the chow dog is to Hongkong sampan dwellers, he is included in the crew.

The end of this documentary is a particularly fine point. It is a wonderful way of ending the show, but the character in his face would shame many a movie star. His hilarious mud fight with a mere handlubber who has the effrontery to haul him as the boat passes was one of the highlights of my afternoon's reimagining.

Nevil Shute Film

Anyone who read Nevil Shute's "A Town Like Alice" and was not moved by the courage displayed by the forgotten women of the story must be very hard-boiled and cynical indeed.

Separated from their menfolk, at the complete mercy of the Japanese captors and only too aware that their presence was an embarrassment to the enemy, they could have been forgiven for any form of mental or physical breakdown.

Yet though this is admittedly a work of fiction, it is based on truth and any major distortion would have called down abuse and worse on the head of the author.

So as well as being a moving work of fiction, it is all the more powerful for being a faithful reproduction of events that really took place.

I can think of no British actresses available to the J. Arthur Rank Organisation who would have better fitted the role of Jean, the young typist whose courage and determination, lodged in an almost scrawny frame, supported and comforted those lonely women driven aimlessly backwards and forwards through the jungles in an effort to "lose" them.

Here is no flag-waving, speech-making, haranguing leadership. It is the natural, almost bovine kind, of refusal to admit defeat and the simplicity to deal with each problem as it presents itself.

To have read the book will not diminish the appeal of this film, for while it possesses enough action to please those whose main interest is to see how it all turns out, most of the emphasis has been placed on characterisation, and the presentation, within the framework of the book, of a collection of human beings whose behaviour in certain situations is consistent with their intellectual make-up.

While the hours undoubtedly go to Virginia McKenna, here is no timelagging performance which leaves nothing for her fellow actors. Marie Lohr, although retaining vestiges of her grand

dame stage mannerisms does well as the easily recognisable Colonial lady who is determined to stick to her hat and shoes whatever indignities are heaped upon her, and Maureen Swanson is a starlet who shows that she need not rely on her looks alone to push her along the dramatic road.

I will not dwell on the many sad moments of the film—the death of the children; the hopelessness of the realisation that in spite of reaching what they think to be journey's end time and time again, they must once more wander on in search of a sanctuary, even if it is that of a Japanese prison camp.

The counterpart fear that they may be hatched out of hand in order that they may no longer be a feeding and housing problem to the Japanese.

While these incidents form the main part of the film, it is still a picture of hope, showing, with the United Nations at the forefront of the commercial film producer, that courage and a refusal to be beaten is still a valuable currency in this world of automation.

I have left Peter Finch until last, not because his performance falls below that of Virginia McKenna, but because it is such a clever artist that one automatically expects the best of him and a sudden disappointment.

He and his fellow prisoners face the few amusing scenes in the picture and although my laughter was limited with relief that there was to be a short rest from the fables of the women, the sequence in which they put their trust out of commission in order to stay back with them had the authentic ring of dry Australian humour.

'Horrific'

I thought the fashion for horror pictures was completely dead and that the anti-climax of raising a laugh instead of a scream of terror was too great to be risked by any of today's producers.

'Mamie' Delayed

As the success of "The Man In The Gray Flannel Suit" has held it over one more day, it has been impossible to see "The Revolt of Mamie Stover". It has not been previewed to the Press. A review of the picture will appear in this column next week.

ORIENTAL **MaJestic**

SHOWING TO-DAY
AT 2.30, 5.30, 7.30 & 9.30 P.M.
A mighty story of the last dangerous buffalo hunt!



Morning Show To-morrow 12.30
ALL TECHNICOLOR
CARTOONS

CAUGHT IN A WEB OF GRAFT!
Starring: JOHN ARLEN, RHONDA PAVINE, DAHL FLEMING
Technicolor
SUPRASCORE

SUNDAY
22nd July
at 10.30 a.m.

An Indian Picture
"SHAHI MEHMAN"
with your favourite stars
SHYAMA & RANJAN
Music by RUPIN, BABUL

NEW YORK GREAT WORLD

Causeway Bay, Tel. 78721, 78155 Kowloon, Tel. 53500

SHOWING TO-DAY
AT 2.30, 5.15, 7.30 & 9.40 P.M.



VIRGINIA MCKENNA
PETER FINCH

A TOWN LIKE ALICE
with MARIE LOHR • RENEE HOUSTON
JEAN ANDERSON • MAUREEN SWANSON

SUNDAY MATINEE AT 12.30 P.M.
NEW YORK: "HENSEL AND CRETEL"
GREAT WORLD: United Artists Colour Cartoons

There have already been two horrible deaths in connection with the work, however, and as we, the audience, have been let into the secret that a "treated" tarantula has escaped from the laboratory—without apparently causing much anxiety to the somewhat careless scientist—it's obvious that the creature, like Alice in Wonderland, is going to grow and grow and cause quite a lot of trouble.

This is certainly not a film I would have gone to from choice. However, as I had to sit through it in the course of duty, I must admit to a grudging respect for the way in which the tarantula was built up to its pinnacle of improbability which formed the climax.

John Agar is the personable young doctor whose engaging interference saves the heroine from the fate destroyed by partly blue stockings, and the man of many faces, Nestor Tova, plays for once, a true phonyward himself.

Being leaving "Tarantula", a last word on Mara Corday. If you like her in this, you'll love her in another bit of what the cinema trade—grit with tongue in cheek—calls "science-fiction".

Shooting started in May on "The Proudly Mounted" and as no stretch of the imagination could envisage how a picture of this type could take more than a few weeks to complete, Miss Corday and her co-star, Rex Brown, should be here to see us before the end of the summer.

QUEEN'S — ALHAMBRA — EMPIRE
5 SHOWS TO-MORROW
"THE VANISHING PRAIRIE"
QUEEN'S & ALHAMBRA AT 11.30 A.M. EMPIRE AT 12.30 P.M.

CAPITOL RITZ
SHOWING TO-DAY AT 2.30, 5.30, 7.30 & 9.30 p.m.
FINAL TO-DAY AT 2.30, 5.30, 7.30 & 9.30 p.m.
BY REQUEST

"BATTLE STATIONS"
Starring: JOHN LIND, WILLIAM BERTON, KEEFE BRASSELLE, RICHARD BOONE, WILLIAM LESLIE
A Columbia Picture

PHENIX
Starring: William Holden, Kim Novak, Rosalind Russell
A Columbia Picture

Sunday Morning Show At 12.30 p.m.
Randolph Scott in
"TALL MAN RIDING"
in Warnercolor

To-morrow
"THE LAST ACT"
A Columbia Picture

ROXY & BROADWAY
GRAND OPENING TO-DAY
AT 2.30, 5.30, 7.30 and 9.30 P.M.

The Century Fox presents
JANE RUSSELL
RICHARD EGAN
The Revolt of
MAMIE STOVER
CINEMASCOPE DE LUXE

TO-MORROW MORNING SHOW
ROXY: At 12.00 Noon
"MADAME BUTTERFLY"
In TECHNICOLOR
Starring: KIKI YOKO, NICKOLA FILACURIDI
—Reduced Admission—
Broadway: At 11.00 a.m.
RICHARD EGAN presents
"BLACKBOARD FRIDAY"
In TECHNICOLOR
Starring: Robert NEWTON, Linda DARNELL

Roxy: \$1.50, \$1.00 & 70 Cts. Broadway: \$1.20 & 70 Cts.

Interesting News Stories From All Parts Of The World

NEW YORKERS STARE... AT THE SMILING LEOPARD IN THE TAXI

SEVERAL New Yorkers have lived cocktail conversations recently by reporting they had just seen a "great big, smiling leopard" riding around in a taxi.

Were Mongols The First Inhabitants Of America?

In the blood of Japanese and Chinese, and American Indians, scientists are finding an identical substance or "factor" which may provide the long-lacking positive proof that the original inhabitants of the Americas were Mongolians from Asia.

To the uninitiated, it is incredible that science could prove such a thing in such a way. But the fact is, it is being done. And here it is.

Two years ago, scientists isolated this unique blood "factor" from the blood of people of mixed white and Indian descent in South America. Since it was unique among blood substances, it was given a name: "The Diego Factor."

Since many millions of samples of white and Negro blood have been tested without this factor ever having been reported, it seemed likely that it was peculiar to Indians. But other scientists began systematic studies of Caucasian blood. In the United States, 1,000 whites were tested, in the Netherlands, 200 Dutchmen, in Spain, 150 Spaniards. Also there were 200 individual samples of Italian blood. But not once did it show the factor.

How It Works

At about the same time, Marion Lewis, Hiroko Ayukawa, and Bruce Chown, blood scientists at Winnipeg, Canada, and Philip Levine, of the Ohio Research Foundation, Bariton, N.J., had the same idea. They tested 148 Chippewa Indians in Minnesota and 77 Japanese in Winnipeg. The factor turned up in 10 Indians and six Japanese.

Blood factors are transmitted from one generation to the next by the genes of heredity—and genes act the same through countless generations unless changed by some accident to their own individual chemistry.

As it well known, the Chinese and Japanese were influenced with Mongolian blood centuries ago. Now if the Diego Factor is peculiar to the Mongols and no other race—and if the original inhabitants of the Americas were Mongols by way crossed over from Asia by way of the Bering Strait, the Diego Factor should be present in all tribes of American Indians existing today.

Both the Venezuelan and Canadian-American teams suggested that the Diego Factor in Mongolians. So a theory has been born. Now science will investigate the blood of Mongolians and of more Indians and more Caucasians and Negroes. The facts so far are impressive.—United Press.

No Money In Croc Hunting

The hey-day of the old-time for-all-crocodile hunting in Northern Rhodesia is over, and according to the Northern Rhodesian Government, would-be hunters who think that fortunes are still to be made out of hunting, are, well, advised to stay at home.

In recent months crocodile skins have left South Africa, with each member contributing upwards of £100.

Their confidence was soon shaken when it was found that

Skindiver Kills Shark

Savona. Underwater fisherman Ottavio Gialli killed a 440-pound shark in a life or death duel in the waters of this Italian Riviera town recently.

Gialli found himself suddenly faced with the shark. He shot and wounded it with his underwater gun, and then knifed it to death. United Press.

A Famous Film Team Breaks Up

Hollywood. DEAN MARTIN and JERRY LEWIS, America's top comedy team, have split up their gilt-edged six-million-dollar-a-year partnership.



Dean Martin

A father of Hollywood's leading laugh-getters considered it a joke.



Jerry Lewis

The sudden break-up was the climax to one long series of studio and television rows, public and private tussles which had dragged on for the past year.

The final break-up came when singer Dean Martin, the team's straight man, failed to turn up for a publicity preview of their latest film "Pardners." After waiting several hours Lewis grew openly angry when he heard that partner Martin was stuck in sand bunker, calmly playing golf at nearby Beverly Hills Club. His comments, "Well, complete our existing contracts, but this is definitely the finish."

Reuter.

Of course, no one believed them, but they really had seen something of the kind. It was Caesar, the happy Cheeta from Kenya, out for a joy ride with his owner, Jane Stanton.

Mrs. Stanton, the only licensed woman trapper in East Africa, would like to take her spotted, golden pet to cocktail parties, but there's one small drawback. The guests get nervous.

"I just wear a cheetah jacket instead," said the wry, 30-year-old Englishwoman. "It stands out like a curiosity among all the white foxes and blondo minks, and pretty soon word gets around that I'm a leopard lady or a jungle queen or something extravagant."

COST \$2,000

Mrs. Stanton bought 18-month-old Caesar, the latest bought pet she's ever had, to the United States with 14 other animals and birds for the \$20,000 (New York) zoo. Her husband, Hugh Stanton, trapped them all. She hasn't sold Caesar yet but his price tag is somewhere around \$2,000.

"He is something of a celebrity," she explained. "He and our big female rhinoceros appeared in the scenes of the new movie 'Safari' which were filmed at our guest house at Kilwezi, south of Nairobi. He loves crowds, lights and commotion and is the loudest when he's the centre of attention."

Mrs. Stanton has had all sorts of exotic pets since she went out to Kenya on a trip in 1928 and moved to Nairobi. Her house cats have included genets, servals, leopards and cheetahs. She admits her pets can be treacherous unless caught and domesticated when very young.

SHOCK FOR MOTHER

"My mother would have been terribly shocked," she said. "She wouldn't even let me keep a dog around the house when I was young."

"Since the death of Osa Johnson, Mrs. Stanton has become the world's most famous 'bring 'em back alive' woman. She has delivered animals to zoos on five continents and calls herself 'fortunate' because she has rarely lost one by death en route."

"Of course, they know me, and that helps when their nerves get rattled on the trip," she said. "And knowing animals, I know exactly what to do for them."

For instance, feeding 30-pound Caesar three pounds of raw meat daily with side dishes of raw fish, eggs and milk and, occasionally, ice-cream—a passion acquired since his arrival here.

Mrs. Stanton keeps Caesar in a private zoo in New Jersey when he isn't in Manhattan making forays on TV studios where he already has a reputation as a ham.

"He's really quite clever," said Mrs. Stanton, a little wistfully. "I'm afraid I'm going to miss him, at least until a nice baboon, or something like that takes his place in my life."

Canton Cooking

Statistics compiled by the Canton Catering Service Company show that the city's restaurants now provide 5,400 varieties of dishes and 800 varieties of desserts, reports the New China News Agency. For chicken alone, there are 210 recipes, and for duck 125 recipes.—China Mail Special.

A Really Fowl Report

Rome. A leading Italian film producer said recently he had sued journalist Indro Montanelli for claiming that his cinema troupe wasted thousands of dollars of chicken.

Producer Marcello Danco charged Montanelli was in "obvious" bad faith. In his report, which appeared last week in Italy's biggest newspaper, Corriere della Sera, he challenged him to prove his charges in court.

Montanelli said in his article that he attended a lunch during the shooting of the film "Pecato di Castella" (Chastity Sin) in which technicians and actors

LEMMIE MACBETH



• Will ("The Bard") Cheyney

For months, 20,000 Parisian schoolchildren had been studying Shakespeare and other English classics for their translation exams.

But recently, when they looked at their exam papers, they found they had been asked to translate from a Peter Cheyney thriller.



• Peter ("Caution") Shakespeare

Wrote one father to "France Soir": "I presume next year Peter Cheyney will be a textbook in French schools. Are our children being taught to be gangster specialists?"

When the uproar died down, 12,000 children who failed were given a second chance with an easier test.

A Priest Remembers The Church That Hid Him From The Nazis

A FORMER British Army major served his first Mass as a priest recently at the altar which gave him safe shelter from Nazi troops in 1943.

Almost all the 666 inhabitants on this tiny hamlet, 20 miles north of Verona crowded into the village church to watch the major, now the Rev. Desmond Basil Haselhurst, officiate.

They remembered him well from the grim days when he hid from the Germans behind the altar.

Captured At Tobruk

He had been captured in the desert war at Tobruk, and was being taken to a German prisoner-of-war camp.

Just two months before he was captured, Major Haselhurst had been baptised into the Roman Catholic Church on the battlefield.

He took shelter at Fosse, where the local population gave him civilian clothes and food and sheltered him. Angry Germans launched at big mopping up operation to capture him, but the local parish priest, Don Paolo Veronesi, promptly hid him behind the church altar.

There he stayed, in almost complete darkness, as candlelight reflected on barrels of submachineguns held by German troops searching the church. "I felt protected by the altar," Haselhurst said. "It was like a sort of invisible screen covering my presence there."

Hero's Welcome

The Nazi troops failed to capture him and Haselhurst resigned from his rank of major after he returned to Plymouth. He went to Rome where he attended a Roman Catholic school to become a priest.

The Rev. Haselhurst came back to Fosse a few days ago to officiate at his first Mass. Humble farmers and their families who recognized him gave him a hero's welcome, and almost mobbed him.

Men and women gathered in the little church to watch him officiating at the altar, and after the Mass they crowded all around him to kiss his hands.

The Rev. Haselhurst will leave Fosse for Isola, Germany, and will go back later to Plymouth to take over a parish church.—United Press.

Shaggy Puss And Dog Story

Two British dog and cat owners put in fantastic claims for their pet recently.

Mrs. Beatrice Briscoe, of Matby, said her cat, Tibb, was 20 years old, and recently gave birth to her 100th kitten. A cat expert said it was impossible for the cat to be so old. That age would be the equivalent of a 182 years old human, he said.

T. Beckley, of Gillingham, said his retriever, Becky gave artificial respiration to one of her pups which was born not breathing. He said the dog did it by taking the puppy's mouth in her mouth and breathing hard.—United Press.

New Treatment Found

Alcohol? It Makes An Alcoholic Sick!

Paris. A French doctor told the Academy of Medicine recently he had developed a three-week treatment for alcoholism which cured 46 per cent of the cases and improved the condition of 30 per cent more.

Dr. Jean Lereboullet published the results of four years of research aimed at "creating a conditioned reflex of distaste for alcohol."

He said that of 2,000 chronic alcoholics treated with his system, 900 were cured completely and the conditions of 600 others improved.

His report will probably be studied with interest by a commission set up by the French Government to combat rapidly increasing alcoholism in already well-soaked France.

The first step calls for intravenous injections of alcohol to prevent the alcoholic from suffering from deprivation of alcohol. He usually drinks; then come injections of apomorphine which provokes violent nausea; and finally the taking of antibiotics pills which build up a chemical wall in the drinker's body, making it impossible for him to touch alcohol without becoming violently ill.

Dr. Lereboullet illustrated his treatment with films showing the progression of cases.

"These results are encouraging," he concluded, "showing that one should never refuse to try to cure an alcoholic of intoxication. But it would be in vain to count on this method to fight social drinking."—United Press.

Dead (Legally)

Taranto. Mrs. Marina Ferraris, 32, found out that she was legally dead.

Mrs. Ferraris asked the registrar's office for a death certificate of her husband, who died on October 2. She was refused it on grounds documents showed that her husband was a widower, and consequently she must be dead.

Mrs. Ferraris started legal action to prove she was alive.—United Press.

So That's A Man

Trento. A big brown bear came out of the woods in the Val di Sole last week and was very interested when he saw the first man in his life.

The man, a forester, stood still and held his breath. The curious bear sniffed at him, inspected the unknown being on all sides, and returned to his woods apparently satisfied.—United Press.

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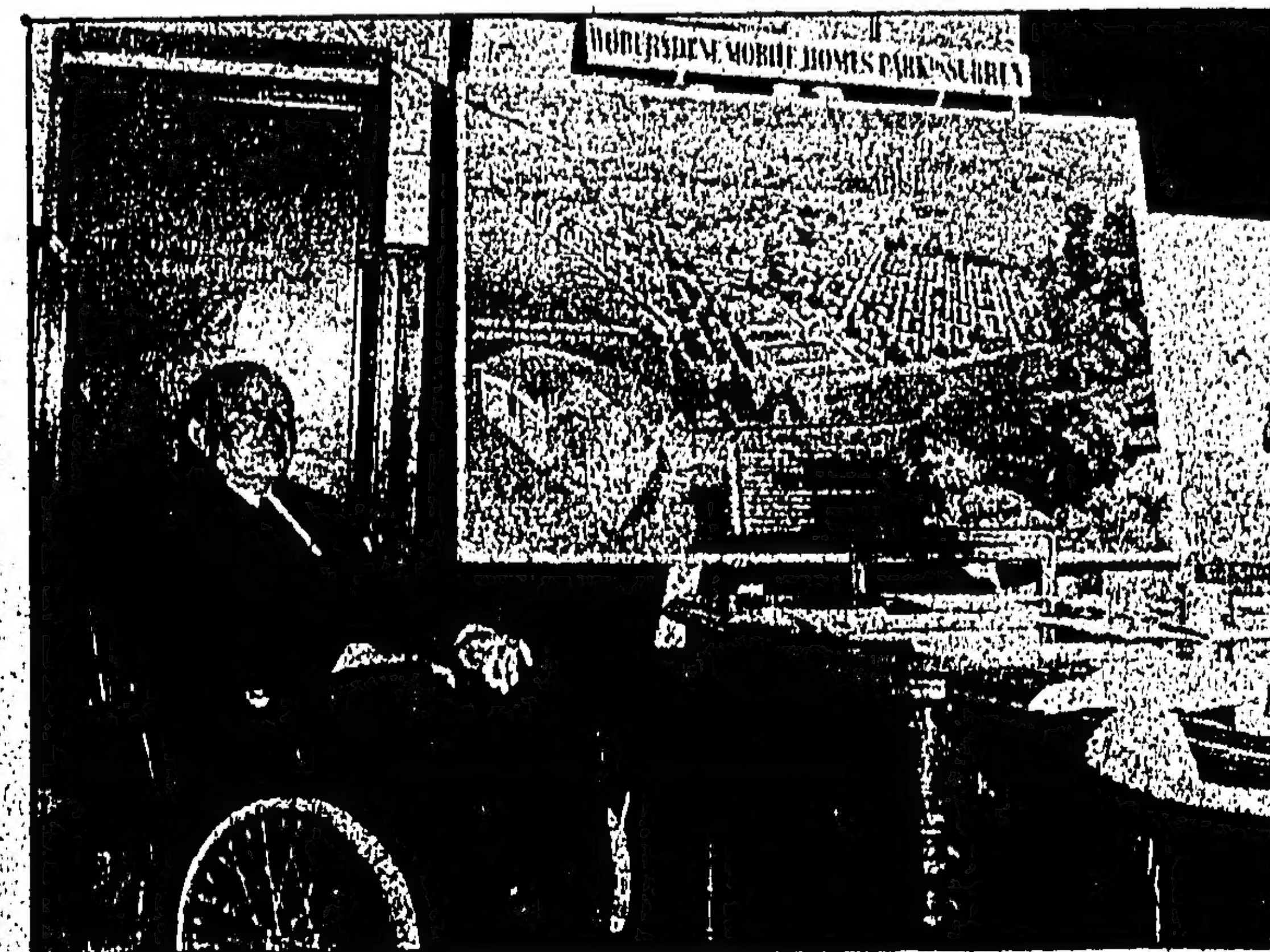
FAMILY gathering outside Buckingham Palace, London, after former England cricket captain, Sir Leonard Hutton, received the accolade of Knight Bachelor from Queen Elizabeth. With him are Lady Hutton and their sons, Richard, 13, and John, 10. Hutton said after the investiture: "I was very nervous ... like having to face Lindwall and Miller at opening bat." (Express)



GROUP Captain Peter Townsend, who is giving up his job as Air Attache at the British Embassy in Brussels to make a world tour in a Land Rover, is taking a course in running repairs at the Rover works at Solihull. He will call at Hong-kong on the trip. (Express)



THREE hundred children, many of whose parents are celebrities, performed in a matinee at London's Adelphi Theatre in aid of the League of Pity, junior section of the National Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Children. Some of the kiddies in the chorus line are snapped here. (Express)



RICHARD MANN, 51-year-old former test pilot, now physically paralysed, shown with a painting of a £40,000 luxury caravan site for 230 caravan homes he wants to build on 20 acres of ground he owns near Cherisey. Cherisey Council has rejected his plan, but this has appealed. He states many caravan dwellers in England live in slum-like squalor, and he wants to improve their lot. (Express)



PRINCESS ALEXANDRA, daughter of the Duchess of Kent, pictured during a reception at the Albert Hall, London, where she watched more than 1,000 Boy Scouts and Girl Guides perform in a musical show. (Express)



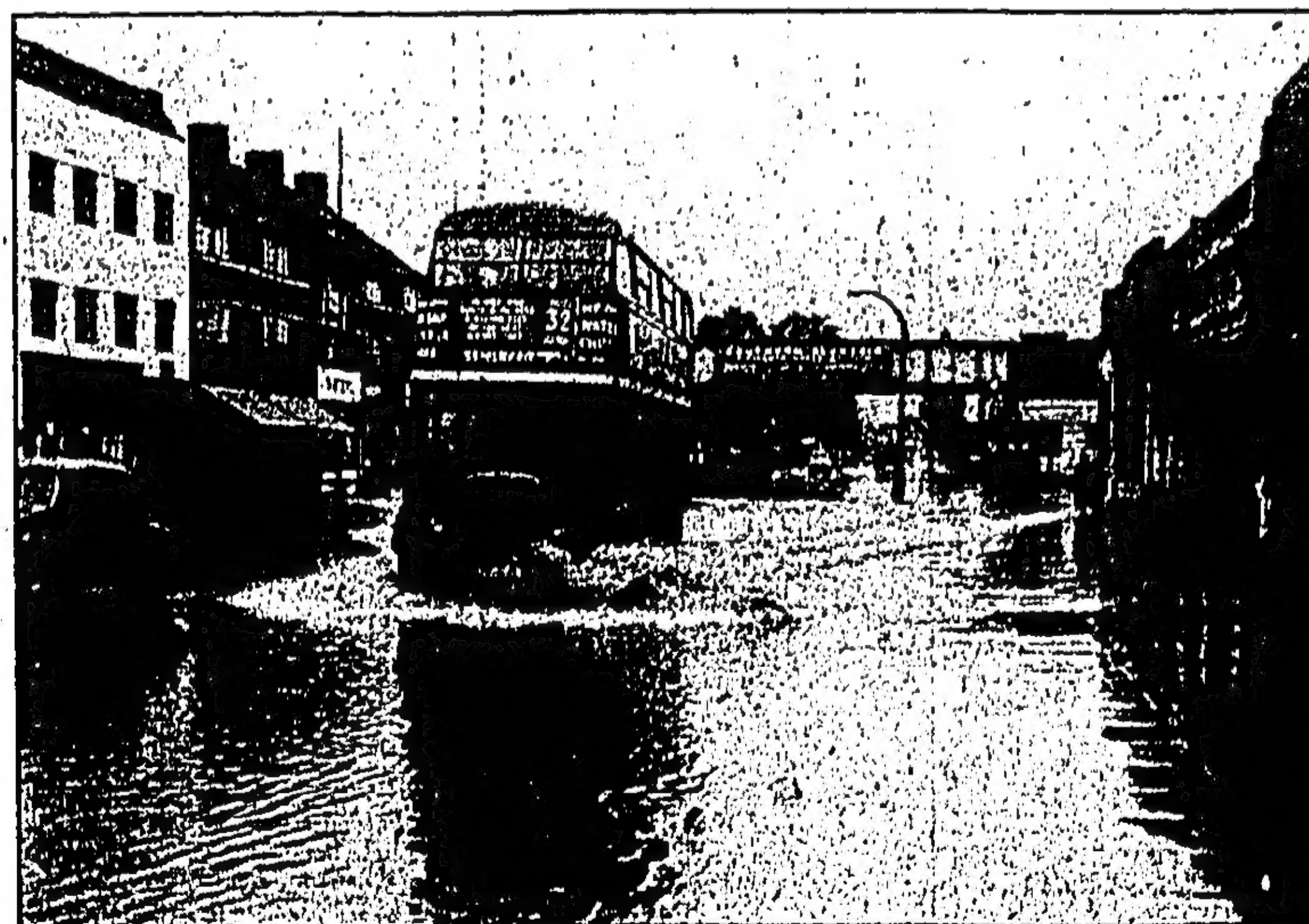
LEFT: At the London premiere of "Reach For The Sky," the film of the life of legless air ace, Group Captain Douglas Bader. Kenneth More, who plays Bader, is seen with Miss Beverly Brooks. (Express)



FORTY-FIVE-YEAR-OLD author Eric Williams — he wrote the famous wartime escape story, "The Wooden Horse" — with his wife in London on the start of their 10,000-mile truck trip to the Soviet Union. Mrs Williams, 35, will be co-driver, cook, cameraman and secretary. (Express)



RUSSIAN girls link arms with London's Lord Mayor, Alderman Sir Cuthbert Ackroyd, during a visit of the Soviet Army Ensemble — currently performing in Britain — to the City's historic Mansion House. The Ensemble comprises eight girls and 200 Soviet Army entertainers. (Express)



SCENE along a flooded road near Wimbledon Chase after a thunderstorm which struck London and produced in one area a rainfall of 2.21 inches — the largest recorded there for more than 86 years. Traffic was disrupted, several houses were struck by lightning and hundreds of basements were flooded. (Express)



CRASH helmets, as in picture, are to be compulsory wear for British jockeys from September 1. This applies to jockeys on the flat; steeplechase jockeys have worn them for a number of years. The cap is made of several layers of stiffened linen, coated with varnish, and fits under the jockey skull cap. (Express)

NANCY



By Ernie Bushmiller



ROWNTREES



LIVING IN A GOLDFISH BOWL

By Albert Stewart

HAVE you ever wondered what living in a goldfish bowl is like? Arthur Miller, the playwright, said being married to Marilyn Monroe was equal to the sensation. But Mr. Miller does not know the half of it! Right here in Hongkong there are people who have lived for months like that.

A bigger modern buildings are being put up in the Colony, spacious arcades with large show-windows of glass are the order. You must have stepped more than once while passing through Alexandra House arcade to admire the novel and imaginative interior decorations of some office... or to steal a glance at the pretty receptionist in another window, perhaps! But have you ever wondered how these people feel about being daily on display?

Two Types

THERE are two types of people who stop to gaze through the windows. The window shoppers are mostly genuine prospective buyers, who seriously study the goods displayed. On the other hand there are those who just look... at the pretty receptionists, that is.

People working in the arcade all hold one common view. They have to be very careful of their dress and behaviour all through the day. The men find it annoying not to be able to loosen their ties or roll up their shirt-sleeves. The girls say they have to be especially careful about the application of cosmetics and the contrast of colours with their dresses. They reckon that every minute of the day a pair of eyes is looking at them through the all too revealing plate glass.

A pretty receptionist in one big office confided that for the first two months she felt extremely self-conscious. But after that she gradually became accustomed to the sight of people stopping to look at the arrangement of goods displayed—and at her. The bold and the brave look straight at her, but the shy ones first study the goods and then dart a furtive glance in her direction, linger for a moment then walk on.

Revealing

A SHAPELY miss in a cheongsam said she always read when business was slack. Thus absorbed she was not conscious of the world passing by on the outside. But to her annoyance, every time she sat down to read more people seemed to stop in front of her window. She had the uneasy feeling that something was amiss. One day she found out what it was. She had the habit of crossing her legs when she read. She also had the habit of facing the show window, too. Realising that the cheongsam is revealing, she doesn't sit facing the window now.

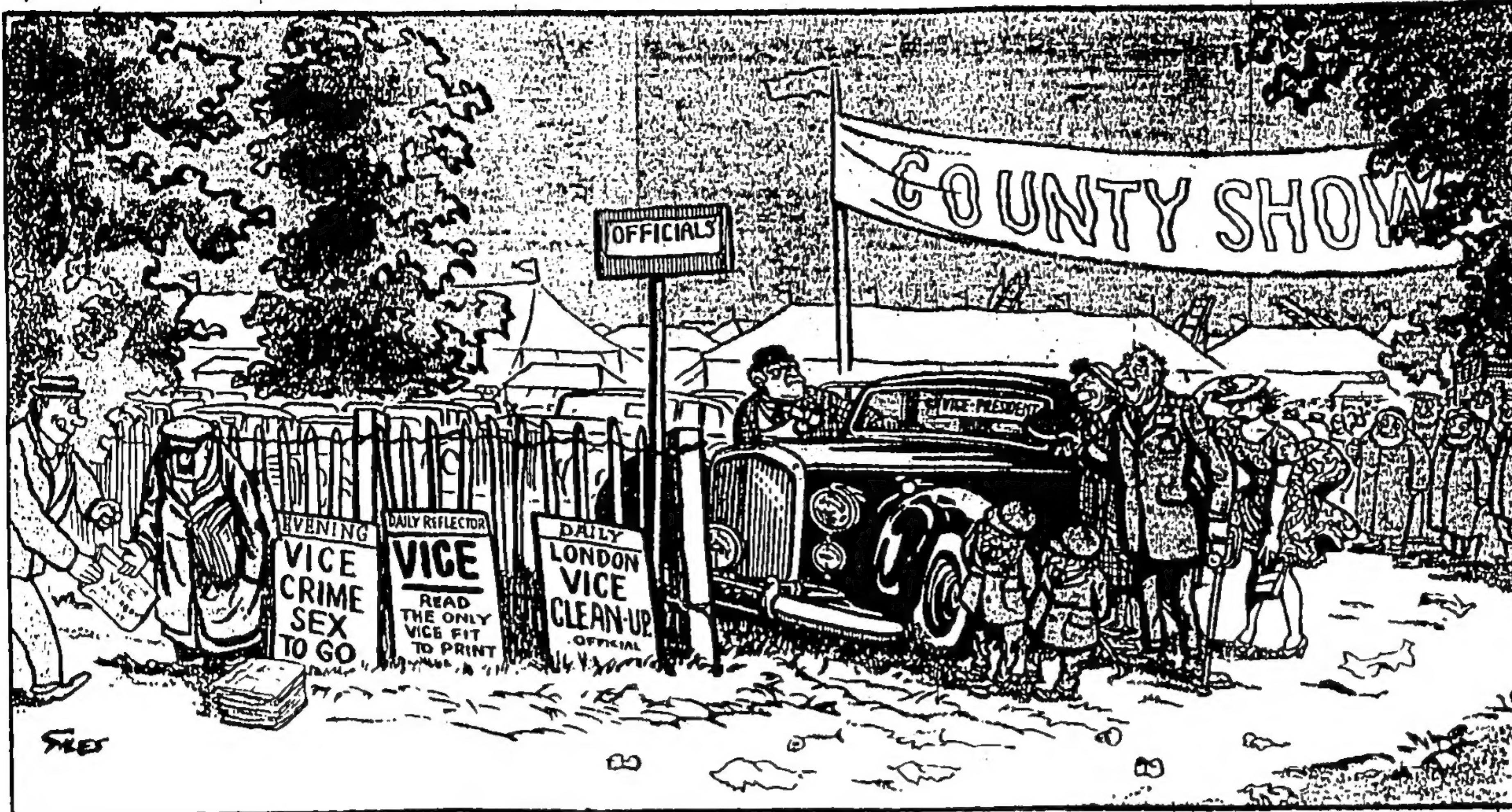
But such offices are not without advantages. Desks have to be kept neat and tidy at all times. The "fish" have to be alert, smart in appearance.

The plate glass works both ways. Whenever work is slow those inside only have to look up from their desks for a diversion. They can smile smugly as they watch people rushing through the arcade on some business or other. Most of them seem very unimpressed. It amuses the "fish" that so many are late for appointments.

Greetings

THEY have also learned that each individual has his or her own manner of greeting an acquaintance. One observant gentleman told me that he has noted no fewer than 16 different ways by which a man may greet a friend. He has also noticed that everyone passing through the arcade never fails to look into the office. "A man may pass through the arcade several times a day, but each time he goes through he looks into one or the other of the offices."

So remember, the next time you laugh at your position in the goldfish bowl, you may be laughing at you too!



"I should take that off your windscreen, Harry."

JEANNE DE LAMOTTE USED A QUEEN OF FRANCE
AND A CARDINAL AS PAWNS IN A £64,000 SWINDLE

THE CASE OF THE BRANDED COUNTESS

ONE OF THE WORLD'S STRANGEST
STORIES, TOLD BY FELIX BARKER

ON the very day that Jeanne de Lamotte arrived in London at the end of July, 1786, a printer offered a large sum for her memoirs. It was hardly surprising, for this lively, extremely attractive young woman from France had been the central figure of one of the most audacious frauds ever perpetrated, and her trial two months before had involved Marie Antoinette and a prelate of the Church.

Less than three weeks before she had started a life sentence in a Paris prison, but she had escaped and made her way to England. On her back was to be seen the sign of her ordeal—the slowly-healing scar of the branding iron.

Jeanne de Lamotte was the talk of Europe, and she could only venture from her lodgings in the Haymarket after dark. "Every coffee house," she wrote, "was filled with persons eager to gratify their curiosity by seeing me."

BUT Jeanne de Lamotte at first refused the printer's offer. She saw that the threat of her memoirs might be as remunerative as the memoirs themselves. And she was quite right.

In the months to follow a number of people closely connected with the French court arrived to beg her to be discreet, and when she pleaded poverty, to offer her money to keep silent.

Jeanne accepted these bribes and then, the money spent, quite ruthlessly double-crossed her bribers. In January, 1789, her book appeared—each copy person a fully autographed Comtesse de Valois de la Motte. The guineas began to roll in to the office of Mr. J. Ridgway, printer of York Street, St. James's. Everyone wanted to read:



JEANNE DE LAMOTTE

Memoirs of the Countess de Valois de la Motte: containing a complete justification of her conduct and an explanation of the Intrigues and Artifices used against her by her enemies relative to THE DIAMOND NECKLACE

In the 167 years since those memoirs appeared Jeanne de Lamotte's story has been subjected to close scrutiny. She hardly emerges with honour, and our story of the great necklace fraud is based on wider and more objective research.

ONE of Jeanne's claims, however, can be accepted without question. She was, as she signed herself, a Valois—a descendant through an illegitimate line of Henry II of France.

She was of the blood royal, yet as children Jeanne and her younger sister were forced to beg. The whining plea—"Spare alms, in God's name, for two orphans of the blood of Valois"—one day aroused the curiosity of a passing noblewoman. She investigated the claim, and when she found it was true arranged for their upbringing at a convent.

But it was to be her natural blood, not the convent upbringing, which fashioned Jeanne's subsequent career. At 23 she escaped from the sisterhood, married a man named Nicolas de Lamotte, and styling herself Comtesse, went to live in Paris in 1781.

By then she was a striking-looking girl with a lovely figure, blue eyes and chestnut hair. From all accounts she had a bewitching smile, and she soon put it to full use.

SHE considered that a royal fortune should be hers by right, and in her determination to get to the court and position the Queen she pulled every possible string. She thought frequent loss of virtue a small price to pay for advancement. And, while using people to her own ends, she worked on the subtle converse of leading people to think they could use her.

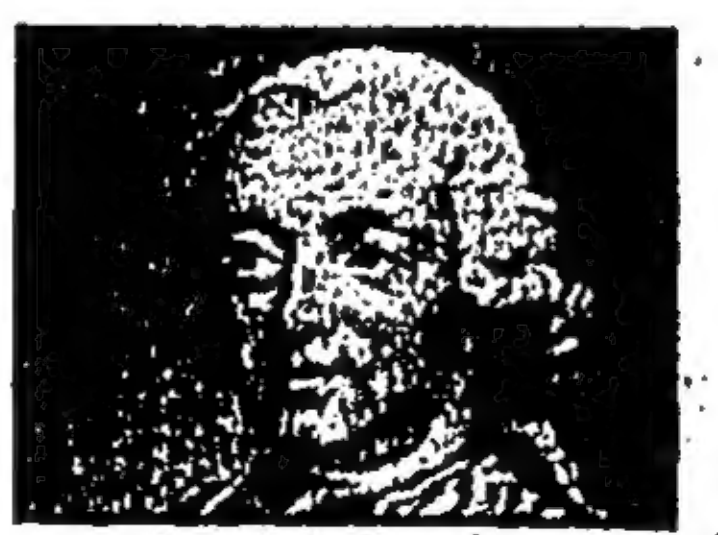
Her eyes name of Valois helped, and with borrowed money she gave the appearance of affluence.

With astonishing skill she built up a spurious picture of the confidence placed in her by Marie Antoinette. This fiction was invaluable with ambitious social climbers on the fringe of the court, but it was not until it deceived Cardinal de Rohan that the stage was set for her greatest coup.

The Cardinal, Bishop of Strasbourg and Grand Almoner of France, was a man of old family and great influence. Some years before, however, he had fallen out with the Queen and Marie Antoinette would not speak to him. The icy barrier between them was also the barrier to his dearest hope of becoming Premier of France.

Jeanne de Lamotte was quick to seize on this ambition. She had, almost as a matter of course, made the Cardinal (whose morals were most unclerical) her lover, and she offered to do everything to bring him into the Queen's favour. She offered to act as a go-between, and take his letters to the Queen.

To the Cardinal's obsequious letters there soon came replies hinting that he might hope for royal grace. He never



CARDINAL de ROHAN

Unsuspecting dupe, doubted that they were from the Queen.

But, in fact, they were forged, and it is one of the almost incredible features of this story that for a year there was an exchange of something like 200 letters without the Cardinal suspecting any trickery.

His credulity was to be pushed further. Gratified as he was by the letters, he was mystified that when he met Marie Antoinette face to face she did not show her change of heart by so much as a flicker of an eyelid. Suspicions were being sown, and Jeanne was being far too richly rewarded to allow any such risk.

Jeanne informed the Cardinal that while the Queen could not give any sign in public, she wished to meet him in private and had suggested a secret rendezvous. It was to be at night in the gardens of the royal palace at Versailles.

To help perform this panto-mime a nervous little modiste named Nicole was swept by the Lamottes into the role of impersonating Marie Antoinette. Under a wide-brimmed hat that hid her face she went to the prearranged spot. And to her horror, at midnight came the Cardinal, who dropped on one knee to kiss the hem of her

skirt. The little modiste then spoke despite all her wishes, yet she spoke with warm intimacy of "You may hope that the past will be forgiven."

With this she retired. The audience was over. The Cardinal was delighted, and soon the Queen (through the intermediary of Jeanne, of course) again showed her favour.

As Jeanne explained it, Marie Antoinette was anxious to buy a necklace which had been made by the court jewellers. This fabulous work of art consisted of 579 diamonds and the price was £64,000.

THE trouble was that the Queen had to buy it without her husband's knowledge and this, Jeanne went on, was where the Cardinal was to be supremely honoured. He was to purchase it on her behalf. He should pay by instalments, and she, of course, would secretly pay him back.

The jewellers were summoned by the Cardinal and let into the confidence. They were only too pleased to let him have the necklace on the understanding that he would pay the first instalment in seven months' time. The Cardinal then saw it passed into the hands of a man in royal livery (who was in fact Jeanne's accomplice).

Within a few weeks Jeanne's husband was in London and the diamonds from the necklace were being offered over the counters of jewellers' shops in Bond Street and Piccadilly. Breaking up the necklace meant a serious drop in value, but Lamotte was quite happy to bring £20,000 back to France.

The Lamottes were now able to live in the grand style of which Jeanne had always dreamed.

How long Jeanne imagined this fantastic fraud would remain undetected seems uncertain. Did she not realise that the bubble must burst when the first payment came due and no money was forthcoming from the Queen?

Perhaps she thought that when the Cardinal discovered he had been deceived he would pay up to avoid the scandal; if so, she reckoned without an obvious danger—the thing which, in fact, happened. The jewellers, impatient for their money, applied directly to the Queen, and she demanded to know what necklace they were talking about.

"What necklace?"

WHY, stammered the jewellers, the necklace she had agreed to buy by proxy... the one the Cardinal de Rohan had acquired for her. With mounting anger Marie Antoinette heard them through; then the King was consulted and de Rohan required to appear and give a full explanation.

Pale, but still not suspecting the worst, the Cardinal said he had only done what she had asked through her dear friend, the Comtesse de Lamotte. "Friend?" echoed the Queen. She did not even know the woman. And by what incredible presumption did he imagine that she would have dealings through him, a man so whom she had not spoken to for eight years? It must have been then that the Cardinal's words reached



MARIE ANTOINETTE

"What necklace?"

around him, then that he realised that for 18 months he had been duped by a scheming adventuress.

He had little time for reflection. He was promptly arrested as a suspected accomplice in a plot to defraud the Queen. Three days later Jeanne was arrested and put in the Bastille. The trial in the following May was a sensation. The Palais de Justice was packed, and pamphleteers hawked incredible versions of the story in the streets of Paris. The judges reached their verdict in this bewildering case of lies and deceit only after 18 hours.

The Cardinal was absolved of all suspicion of complicity and acquitted. Nicolas de Lamotte, who had escaped and was tried in his absence, was to be committed to the galley for life, and Jeanne, arch-planner of the whole fraud, was sentenced to be branded with a V (for voleuse or thief), to be flogged, and to be imprisoned for life.

The flogging and branding were carried out with savage brutality but not the rest of the sentence. Her escape from the Salpêtrière prison was conveniently arranged almost certainly by anti-Monarchists, who calculated that once at liberty she might spread story far from favourable to the Queen.

OF Jeanne de Lamotte's last year in London it is hard to find many details. What little is known is contradictory.

After the money from her Memoirs was finished poverty forced her to a second autobiography, and as in her first book, she accused Marie Antoinette of being a party to the necklace fraud as well as guilty of innumerable vices. She probably had high hopes that, as before, the royal family would try to buy her off.

It was while she was waiting in 1791 for publication (and the bribes which never came) that she died in very curious circumstances. To her lodgings just over Westminster Bridge, near Artley's Riding School, there came one day some sinister visitors. One account says they were bailiffs trying to collect a debt of £20, others that they were agents of the Duke of Orleans who wanted to kidnap her and take her back to France.

To escape these men Jeanne climbed from a window. The rotten wood of the sill collapsed under her and she fell to the ground half-impaled herself on a row of nails. She survived only a few weeks. On Friday, August 26, 1791, the woman who had been the centre of the scandal which Mirabeau described as "the prelude to the Revolution" was buried in a common grave.



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1909, 1911, 1913, 1915, 1917, 1919, 1921, 1923, 1925, 1927, 1929, 1931, 1933, 1935, 1937, 1939, 1941, 1943, 1945, 1947, 1949, 1951, 1953, 1955, 1957, 1959, 1961, 1963, 1965, 1967, 1969, 1971, 1973, 1975, 1977, 1979, 1981, 1983, 1985, 1987, 1989, 1991, 1993, 1995, 1997, 1999, 2001, 2003, 2005, 2007, 2009, 2011, 2013, 2015, 2017, 2019, 2021, 2023, 2025, 2027, 2029, 2031, 2033, 2035, 2037, 2039, 2041, 2043, 2045, 2047, 2049, 2051, 2053, 2055, 2057, 2059, 2061, 2063, 2065, 2067, 2069, 2071, 2073, 2075, 2077, 2079, 2081, 2083, 2085, 2087, 2089, 2091, 2093, 2095, 2097, 2099, 2101, 2103, 2105, 2107, 2109, 2111, 2113, 2115, 2117, 2119, 2121, 2123, 2125, 2127, 2129, 2131, 2133, 2135, 2137, 2139, 2141, 2143, 2145, 2147, 2149, 2151,

'I FEEL THE PULSE OF ANOTHER POZNAN'—SEFTON DELMER TALKS TO THE FREEDOM FLIERS

Manching, near Ingolstadt, West Germany.

I AM sitting in the guest bedroom of the best inn in this simple Bavarian village while two apparent ordinary young men named Kiss and Jakab are telling me the story behind that gun battle in an airplane cabin 10,000 feet up over the Danube frontier.

It is the most fantastic and melodramatic Iron Curtain escape I have ever listened to. And I am convinced—far and away the most important.

For this desperate escape of the seven Budapest students highlights the desperate situation in Hungary.

WHY THEY FLED

What I have been hearing from the two students and from other sources convinces me that Hungary is going through a crisis every bit as explosive as the one I found in Poznan.

Hungary has not yet had its Poznan; but, from what they tell me, it almost did last week—with the big Rakosi engineering works (named after Hungary's hated Communist dictator) on Budapest's Csepel Island playing the role of the Zispa works at Poznan.

On Wednesday morning last week, after the night shift had come off, the workers assembled for their weekly production conference. A routine affair this, attended as a "must" by all workers and managerial personnel from the night shift.

But this time the conference was joined—apparently part of a prearranged plot—by the workers of the day shift as well. Instead of going to their benches, they stormed into the conference hall. Even workers supposed to be on leave turned up.

They INSISTED that their 52-hour week was far too long. That their pay was far too small. They DEMANDED more pay for the overtime they did, more bonuses, and fewer deductions from their pay in the way of taxes, union dues, and other health and social subscriptions. They CLAMORED for better food in the canteen, more producer goods in the shops, and lower prices.

The whole thing was an almost exact echo of the Poznan factory meeting which had preceded the march into the town.

And this demonstration was, I learn, just one of a whole series by which the Hungarians have been courageously protesting against their Communist Government.

* Rakosi resigned on Wednesday; he admitted having made mistakes.

The chief method of protest is the rally of the Petofi Youth Club, an organization originally started by the "conciliatory" line of ex-Prime Minister Nagy. When Nagy was dismissed, Rakosi banned these Petofi Clubs. But now, since the Communist New Deal has come into force, the clubs have opened up again, and with a flood of free speech unprecedented in Hungary.

At the latest meeting reported to me that of June 20—there were 400 inside the hall itself (the old "Officers' Casino" in Budapest) and 5,000 listening to the loudspeaker relay outside. That may well be the last meeting. For one speaker after another demanded the dismissal of the dictator Rakosi and the reinstatement of "soft" Prime Minister Nagy.

One man—thunderously applauded—declared: "We don't want to model ourselves on Belgrade. We want for Hungary a political system made and thought out by Hungarians in our own country—a Nationalist appeal which has been echoed far and wide up and down the country."

But if Kiss and Jakab, and all the other escapees are at all typical of the youth of Hungary today—and I think they are—then they do not really care very much for the new "freedom."



THE PRICE OF FREEDOM
Polyak's knife-cut back

For us there is only one freedom today," says Kiss— "the freedom outside Hungary, the freedom in the West. "In Hungary there is no future for fellows like ourselves. No matter how well we work or how hard we study, there is no prospect of a decent living under the Communist regime."

So while the workers of Csepel Island and the Communist intelligentsia of the internal opposition were plotting their superbly courageous demonstrations, the students conspired to escape.

HOW THEY FLED

"My first plan," said Kiss, "was to get myself sent to Egypt with one of the teams building bridges for the Egyptian Government. But the party turned me down because I am single. They only send men out who have families to leave behind as hostages."

He and a friend—the young pilot Polyak, formerly of the Hungarian Air Force—then hit on the great idea of the mid-air pirate coup.

The seven—they did not get together until a week before their departure unbeknown to each other under Polyak's leadership—bought tickets for Friday the 13th, a date which they prayed would be unlucky to the despots of Hungary. They had to pawn such few valuable as they had to scrape together enough money for the fare.

"We did not know who the other passengers were and which of them was the Secret Policeman. That is why we had to slug the lot."

It is no small pointer to the unpopularity of the Hungarian Government that among the Communist victims of the slugging in that plane two have chosen freedom in the West. (COPYRIGHT)

Are you going on leave? Do you plan a holiday in Paris? Some will tell you it will cost you a small fortune . . . don't believe it! Let Roderick Mann be your guide . . .

HAVING A WONDERFUL TIME—ALL FOR £25

Paris, suggestion, it seemed, was almost indecent. "A week in Paris on £25," they shrieked. "You're MAD."

Said Noel Coward: "Quite insane, dear boy. Or do you plan to pitch tent in the Bois?"

Wired Eva Gabor: "Darling—that's the tab for two at Maxims. Without drinks, of course."

Said Norman Hartnell: "I suppose you'll spend the entire time in the subway?" Well, those are my richer friends, so I ignored them. Instead, I went to see Monique Lemarchand, who works in the French Tourist Office in Paris.

I found her looking at some travel posters. She peered at me over the top of one showing the Eiffel Tower taken from the base of a daffodil, washed me down with her eyes, and said:—

"You want posters?"

"Curiously enough," I said. "No, I want to spend a week's holiday in Paris for £25. People say it can't be done."

★ ★ ★

She dropped the Eiffel Tower in a heap on the floor.

"Of course it can," she said, flustered her eyelashes so fiercely I felt sure she must soon become airborne. "You need only enterprise . . . and our booklet."

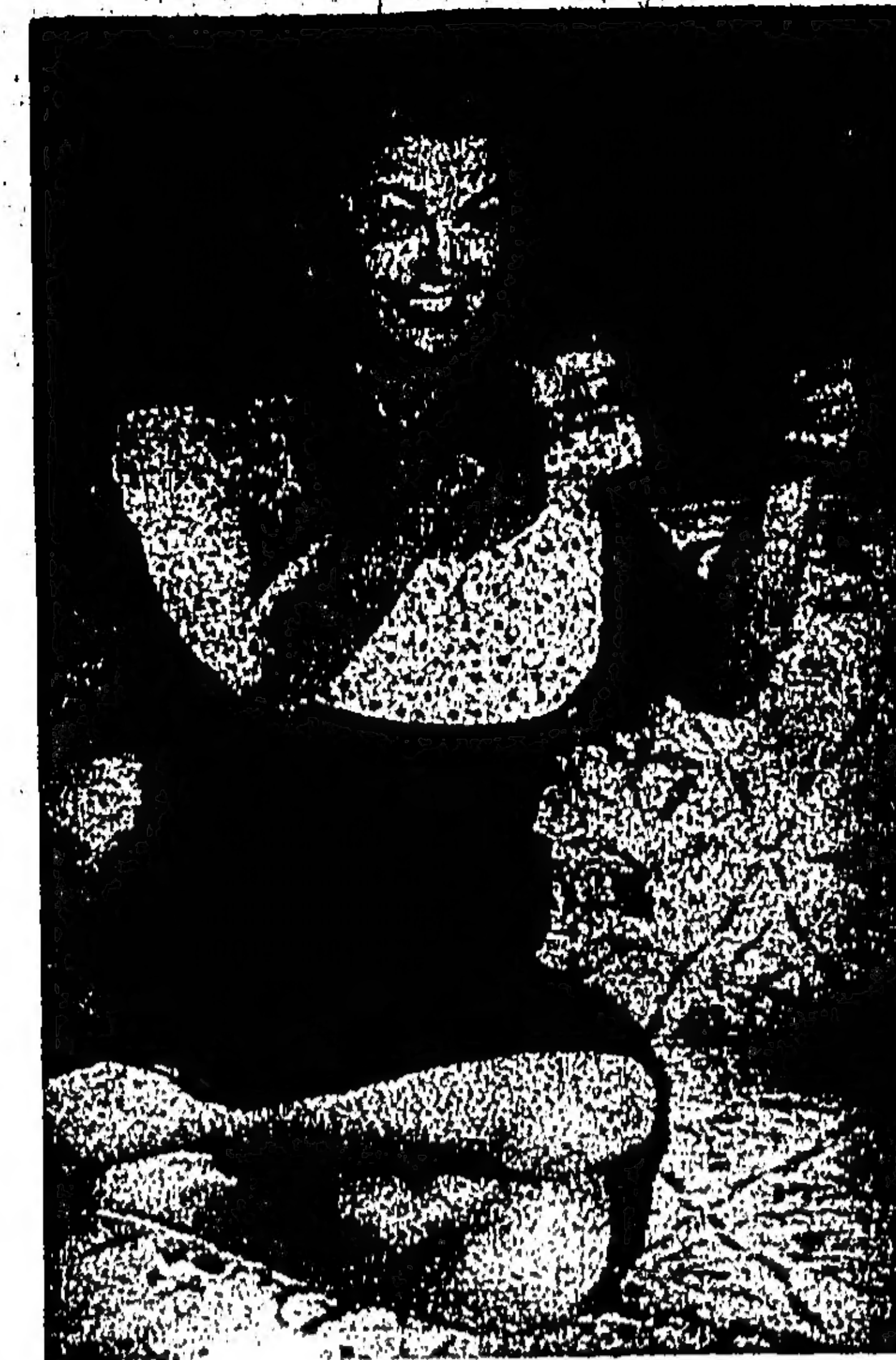
She vanished into a giant cupboard, reappeared moments later brandishing a small book.

"The booklet," she said. "Bonne chance."

After that I promise you I never looked back—except to watch Monique picking up the Eiffel Tower.

For that booklet listed scores of medium-priced hotels in all sections of Paris—hotels where you can stay for 400 francs a night upwards.

You can get it by writing or calling at the French Tourist Office at the Avenue



ESTHER WILLIAMS: Just a lily pond.

A DRY FUTURE FOR ESTHER

London. I WANTED: a butler for the home of Mr Ben Gage and Williams.

He should be fairly good at butling—but he need not be able to swim. And he will never be asked to serve dinner in the pool. (It has happened in the homes of some Hollywood stars).

For their stay in London with their three children the Gages have rented a large house in St John's Wood, owned by the late Sir Oswald Birley, the artist.

When I visited them a few nights ago they had just been interviewing an applicant for the post of butler who had turned them down politely—but firmly.

"I think," said Miss Williams, "that Ben scared him. Didn't you, father?"

"Yeah, I guess he thought I was too big. Brushing down my suits would've exhausted him."

Their slogan

Mr Gage is 6ft. 6ins. tall and built in elephantine proportion.

He was once a radio announcer but he now devotes himself exclusively to the enterprises which have ripped from his wife's dive into films.

"The slogan," said Big Ben, "is A Swimming Pool in Every Back Yard."

"We market the cheapest pool in America," added Miss Williams. "About 2,000 dollars complete."

"We've been wondering if we could market the pools over here in your country. What d'you think?"

"Buster," I said. "I saw the same show—from the bar. It cost me 1.50."

That goes for so much of the entertainment in Paris. You don't HAVE to sit down at a table and swig champagne. Franchise saying "Non" in front of a mirror, then walk in purposely and head straight for the bar.

My hotel—courtesy of Monique Lemarchand—is in the Rue de la Huchette, the alley off the Boulevard St. Michel made famous in Elliot Paul's *Narrow Street*.

I pay 840 francs a night for a room and a bath. And I count myself lucky, for this is a wonderful street to stay in—barely 100 yards long yet heavily laced with atmosphere.

It has two night-clubs, four bistros, one theatre, and a jazz cellar. A unique street: a street in which to live a life.

★ ★ ★

And there are others like it. Not so colourful, perhaps, but just as fascinating. Get your booklet and seek them out for yourself—for isn't that half the fun of a holiday?

Well, I have finished my week with 155 francs left over from £25.

And that, I insist, calls for a celebration.

But wait a minute . . . I've just had a ghastly thought.

You know something? I've forgotten to send any post-cards. . . . (COPYRIGHT)

I wanted to know how much a pool for my back yard would cost.

"I guess it would work out about 600 of your pounds."

I didn't place an order. And I told them not to expect any subsidies even from a Tory Government.

Sir Oswald Birley's widow, who has rented the house to the Gages, will be happy to

know that they have no intention of installing a pool in the back yard.

They are content with the small lily pond. It was dry when they arrived but they have filled it with a few inches of water.

"It's a bit tiny for me," said Miss Williams. "but the kids like to splash about in it."

She pointed out to the pond through the french windows and discussed the idea, with her press agent, of filling it with champagne for a party they're throwing next week.

I accepted a brandy and soda and forgot to warn Miss Williams, and her press agent, that any gate-crashing debutantes and their chaperons would inevitably drown themselves in a champagne pond.

We were sitting in the huge studio lounge. On every wall hung Birley portraits, mainly of deceased kings.

They gazed down with regal dignity while Miss Williams picked a bathing cap and a scrap of bathing suit material from the table.

She put on thickish spectacles to examine the material ("I'm very short-sighted") and stretched it round her shapely pumice torso.

(COPYRIGHT)

"Gee it's wonderful stuff. It clings."

I could have sworn that one of the kings lifted a shocked eyebrow.

"We're having all the costumes for the show made here in London. But we've brought our own tank."

The show is the Aqua-Spectacle of 1956 opening in London at the end of this month, and starring Miss Williams, of course.

It is unlikely, she told me, that we will be seeing any more of her swimming on the screen.

"I'm definitely going to go dry. About time too."

"I was beginning to grow fna."

Unlike most successful athletes Miss Williams doesn't take herself too seriously and she can pull her own crawling-struck leg. She knows her own limitations too. She will not be essaying Shakespeare. (An undrownable Ophelia would be disastrous.)

Mixed up

"I just want to show I can do something different. For the privilege I've lost nearly a million dollars getting out of my old movie contract."

"I've just made my first dry movie, *The Unguarded Moment*."

"I play a wholesome school-teacher who gets mixed up with a psychopathic pupil."

I asked Miss Williams if she had ever been mixed up with psychologists in her private life in the Hollywood fashion.

"I've never been psycho-analysed. But I didn't have to. My mother's a psychologist. I've been brought up the right way."

Which could explain why Miss Williams, now in her early thirties, is well-adjusted, once-married Hollywood citizen, who has never been mixed up in any of those local scandals.

But she did suggest herself—with provocative twinkle in her greyish, spectacled eyes—it could be because she's never been caught.

P.S.—Any out-of-work actors who are interested in the butler's job should apply direct to Miss Williams and husband, not to me.

(COPYRIGHT)

ADOLF GAVE SISTER PAULA £250 GIFTS, BUT SHE'S POOR NOW

From PETER DACRE

Berchtesgaden. IN this mountain resort where Adolf Hitler once lorded it in his luxurious chalet and dreamed of conquering the world, his sister has this week been given notice to quit her home—a £1-a-week room in a squalid block of flats.

She calls herself Paula Wolf, a name Hitler used in his early political days, to avoid the limelight. For three years she has lived in near-poverty. Outside, barefooted children, play, and washing hangs from the balconies.

MUST LEAVE

Today Frau Wolf—she is not married, but in Germany she can call herself "Mrs"—told me: "I have to leave by the end of the month. My landlord thinks that I will not be able to pay the rent."

She sighed as she remembered: "My brother Adolf used to give me an allowance of £40 a month and £250 every Christmas."

Frau Wolf, only survivor of the family, hoped to inherit some of Hitler's vast fortune. Recently it was announced that his estate will be confiscated. She will not get a penny.

But, she said: "I still have a little money. Friends in Austria help me."

One of Frau Wolf's friends took me to see her. "It would be nice if you could take some chocolates," she said. "She can't afford any luxuries."

When we arrived I was asked to wait. "She wants to tidy up the room," explained the friend.

Paula Wolf accepted the chocolates readily. "I don't see such things often," she said.

The floor was bare.

In the room a bed, a huge wardrobe, and a glass cabinet containing a picture of her mother—the only photograph of the family I have—were crammed along one wall.

On the other side was a tiny stove, a table with water jug and wash basin, and a gas-ring. Inconspicuously, on the table was a modern portable type-

writer. Like most other Nazi relatives, Frau Wolf is writing her memoirs.

At 60, she is small, grey-haired and grandmotherly. Her voice has none of Hitler's rankling tones.

But she reminisces about him through a rosy haze.

ROSY HAZE

"He was kind to me when father died," she said. "He took me to my first opera—Lohengrin." But he made me sick at my studies.

She recalled: "When we were children he would tell me that if anyone was unkind to me he would protect me. Once I told him that a boy had called me names. He took me back to school to find the boy."

Did she ever think her brother would become Fuehrer?

Frau Wolf smiled. "No," she said. "But he was always a man who knew what he wanted."

And she could not hide this note of pride in her voice.

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KNOW YOUR HONGKONG? This handsome palace has been awarded as the approach to one of our new modern suburban settlements. Can you tell where it is? (Answer: Page 50).

MANDRAKE THE MAGICIAN

By Lee Falk and Phil Davis



ANNIGONI—PAINTER OF THE QUEEN.....

Unknown for 20 years
he suddenly
catapults to fame....
a story that
glitters....beginning today

By David Wynne-Morgan



FOR 20 years Pietro Annigoni was an unknown artist. Now he is the most sought-after portrait painter in London, with commissions worth £600,000 waiting to be done. One portrait lifted him to fame...his remarkable portrait of the Queen.

This was success as no other artist has known in this century. Overnight Annigoni became a world-famous celebrity.

In less than 24 hours he had completely captured the public imagination.

For more than five years he had been well known in art circles in London, he

had held successful exhibitions in Bond Street, his portraits in the Royal Academy exhibitions had been praised by the critics, but this was something completely different.

He had brought art to the breakfast table. For one morning politics, the world situation, the crime wave, the latest film romance were forgotten. Instead his painting was on the front page of almost every newspaper in Britain.

No man has remained so unmoved by success. He eats in the same restaurants, he mixes with the same people, and he still bicycles the three miles from his semi-detached villa on

the outskirts of Florence to his studio in the Borgo d'Albizi.

When he returned to Florence I drove him to the station in a 28-year-old nine horse-power Riley that was once a saloon. He had to crank it to start.

Once back in his native Italy he decided not to return for the opening of the Royal Academy. He told me "I was so overwhelmed by the reception the portrait had already received

visit to the exhibition at such a tense and dramatic time."

On the day of the opening, he tried hard to pretend he had almost forgotten it. He did not mention it to his wife as he mounted his bicycle and pedalled to the studio. He said nothing to his three excited students Luciano Guarnieri, Duggie Anderson, and Suzzie Roboz. But he was obviously on edge.

He did not relax until, late in the afternoon, a telegram was delivered from one of his closest friends. "Pietro," it read, "this was your day. I was so proud for you."

heaven above, or that is in the earth beneath, or that is in the water under the earth... was circled in pencil and nervously underlined. Scrawled at the bottom were the words: "Graven images. If you do not stop now, prepare to meet your end."

In Florence, Annigoni had always spent most of his life among a tight circle of his intimate friends, and the most disturbing price of fame was the intrusion on his privacy.

His studio became one of the tourist attractions of the city and flocks of people he had never seen before began to walk in as if it was their right.

In the end he compromised. He locked the outside door all day and would admit no one under any circumstances except between 11 a.m. and 1 p.m., when he kept open house.

His action was precipitated by a blonde American, one of the richest women in the United States, who walked in one afternoon and said: "Mr Annigoni?" He nodded.

I have decided, she went on, "that you are going to paint my portrait."

A little shaken, Annigoni replied: "I am afraid that will be impossible at the moment as I am very busy on other work."

She would not take no for an answer. "You had better do it now because I do not intend staying in Florence very long," she said, brushing his opposition aside with the charm of a bulldozer. "If you do not I shall go to Salvador Dali."

The taunt was too much. Annigoni leaped up, threw open the door, and said: "Madam, you can go to the devil as far as I am concerned."

It was this complete freedom he now had to paint anything he wanted he measured most of all. In the end he refused even to talk to people on the telephone at his studio. One morning he told a woman who telephoned to ask him to paint her that he was too busy to accept any commissions. He rang off without asking her name. It was only several days later that he realised from a

The Man At Work

Annigoni, a great lover of the open air, is at his happiest hiking with his sketch book. An audience of ragmuffin children watches him as he draws outside the walls of Toledo in Spain. He went there for a month last year with photographer Alex Sterling, who took the photograph. On the left: detail of his drawing of the boy.



to the general public that I did not want to be in the centre of things when the critics had their turn. I have always painted to please myself and have, for the most part, ignored the critics.

This was the beginning of an avalanche. Telegrams, letters, postcards flooded into the studio for weeks. Not all of them were complimentary.

One from the United States contained a pamphlet with the Ten Commandments printed on it. The second commandment, "Thou shalt not make unto thee any graven image, or any likeness of any thing that is in

—reports the New Social Register in which a Tramp is as good as a Baronet

William Hickey

EAGAD SIR! I'm cock-a-hoop this morning! Socially, I'm right in the top drawer—with the highest in the land.

It cost me just £1 10s. to find my snob value—£1 10s. to H.M. Stationery Office for the General Register Office's new book listing thousands of occupations and their places in society.

And there I am in Class I, the first of five main social classes: authors, journalists, and editors.

From now on people such as Sir Albert Richardson, President of the Royal Academy, Mr Robert Birley, head master of Eton, impresario Jack Hylton, the chief constables and superintendents of police, and all the station masters can tip their hats to me.

They are my social inferiors. Painters, sculptors, head masters, impresarios, the police chiefs, etc., come into Class II—with stoveholders, moneylenders, pawnbrokers—and M.P.s.

Alas for the actors, musicians, ballet dancers, cricketers, photographers, and jockeys!

I'm not sure I ought to know them at all. They are frightfully infra dig.—Class III with the waiters, stable lads, kennel men, chimney sweeps, crane drivers, oilers, and greasers.

And I shall have to get my secretary to speak to Sir Laurence Olivier, Dame Edith Evans, Sir Malcolm Sargent, Dame Margot Fonteyn, Sir Leo Hutton, Court photographer Baron, and Sir Gordon Richardson in future.

WHO TO TIP YOUR HAT TO

Last comes a special section. X category—other persons—no gainful occupation stated.

They include baronets, business speculators, equestrians, gentlemen-in-waiting, gipsies, ladies-in-waiting, paupers, peers, sheriffs, tramps and vagrants.

One of the principals of the Census Office, Mr W. J. V. Littlewood ("Don't use my Christian names, please") told me: "The social classification is the work of various departments here sitting down and thinking hard. It is cold-blooded—without any bias whatever."

And what do the social class III knights think?

Sir Ralph Richardson hooted with laughter. "The census people might be right because there are an awful lot of waitresses in our profession!"

Sir Gordon Richards let out a yelp of glee: "I don't mind being stuck among the waitresses and stable lads—I started at the bottom of the ladder."

Len Hutton wanted to know whether gardeners were included in his own class III: "Batsmen sometimes do a bit of gardening on the pitch."

For the record, gardeners are Len's inferiors—Class IV.

STAYING YOUTHFUL

I TOLD Madam Rose Laird, 78-year-old American beauty, that I had never seen old women in America.

"American women have to keep fighting to keep their

men," she explained, "because all the women over there make themselves so attractive."

Madam Laird demonstrated precisely what I meant about American youthfulness.

What was her secret? "I'm interested in life," she said brightly, "and I'm always busy—I have flown more than 250,000 miles inside America since the war."

Her advice to the elderly? "When you shop, don't go to the old ladies' department—go to the section for teenagers."

SO SECRET

BILLY Rose, America's master showman, is about to start a secret mission behind the Iron Curtain.

"The motives behind my visit cannot be discussed," said the five-foot three-inch Rose, oozing with mystery. "Let's say I want to see what showbiz is like out there."

Scene filled the room. "It's some cheap stuff I buy," he said. "I like it too," said blonde Mrs Rose, formerly Joyce Matthews, ex-wife of comedian Milton Berle.

"Yeah," said Rose, who has pulled himself up from the slums of New York, where he was born, into the millionaire category, "well, be visiting Moscow, Leningrad, Warsaw, Prague, Zagreb, and has this to say about the and hooked with laughter. So did we all."

"But in London I'm on vacation seeing new shows and old friends. I also want to see Virginia McKenna, Jacqueline Ellis, and Mary Ure about a new play I am putting on in New York."

Billy, now 56, and wearing his usual swollen nightclub-green complexion, put his arm gently around his 36-year-old wife's shoulders.

"We are also going to buy some furniture for our town house. Good furniture is an English invention."

He added: "You know, I'm not working as hard as I used to. I found myself taking a short cut to an ulcer and slowed down."

I wonder what Mr Rose was like before he slowed down.

SCOTSMEN—BY A SCOT

AUTHOR James Kennaway's first novel about life with a Highland regiment in peace time, "Tunes of Glory," is not being dramatised for radio in Scotland.

Official reason: It might not help the recruiting campaign over the border.

I could understand why after following behind. The duchesses—all engrossed—had turned to receive the Duchess of Gloucester, who was to inspect the jewels.

They returned upstairs. Along a corridor they were deep in conversation. At the end they turned left, instead of right.

Cries of "Your grace, your grace" came from the official following behind. The duchesses—all engrossed—had turned to receive the Duchess of Gloucester, who was to inspect the jewels.



ANNIGONI'S PORTRAIT OF THE QUEEN

NEXT SATURDAY: A General Walks Out On His Portrait

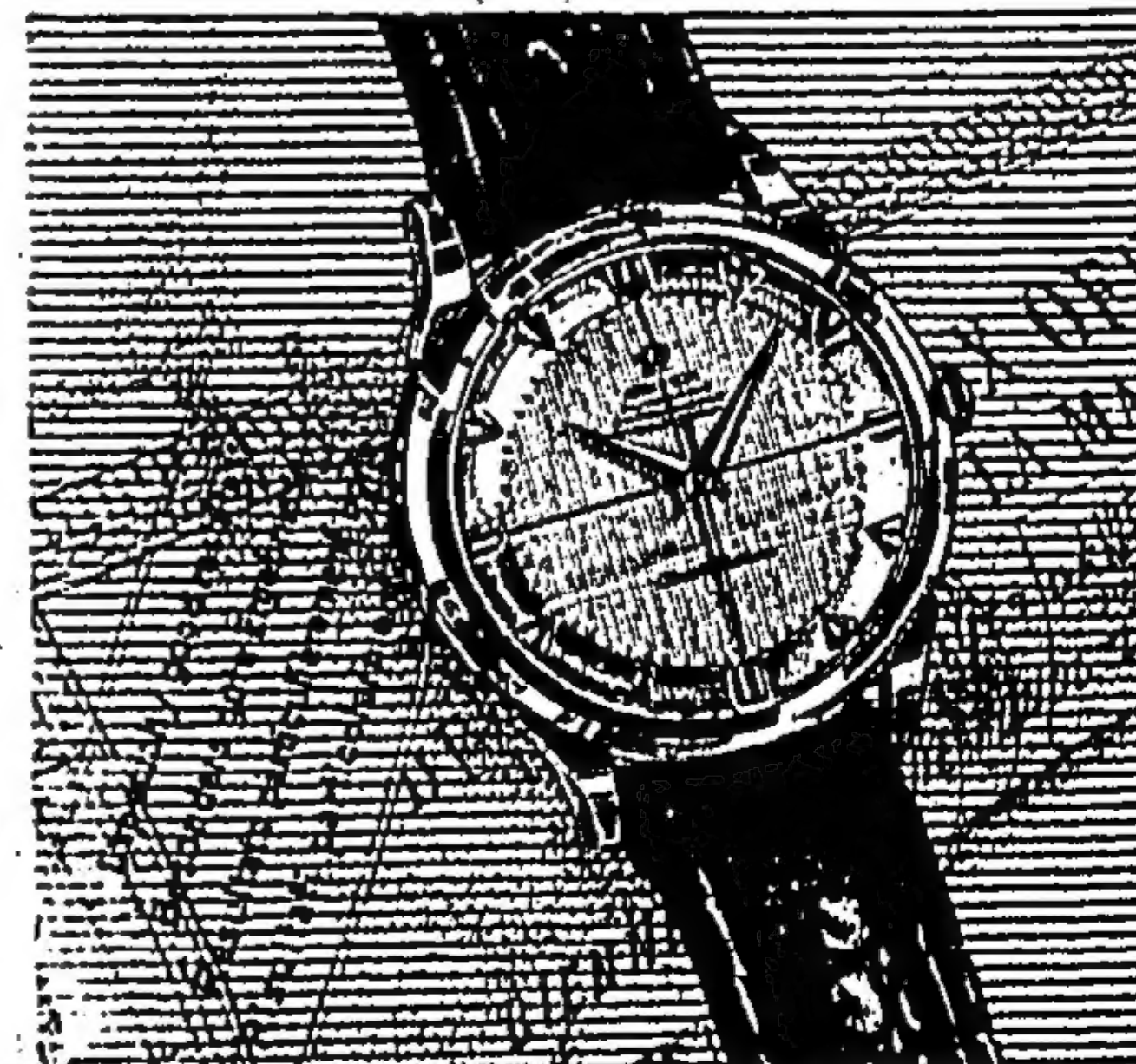
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A Million Deal



For Diana Dors

From
Christopher Dobson

New York. DIANA DORS has hit the jackpot of Hollywood dollars. She is about to complete a deal with R.K.O. which, she claims, will give her \$3,000,000 in the next five years.

That works out at \$1,071,430, or \$214,286 a year. Hollywood contract figures are notoriously fantastic. But...

The deal is through, except for the final approval of R.K.O.'s directors. Says Diana's husband, Dennis Hamilton: "I'm biting my fingernails."

This deal is yet another example of Diana's astute business brain. R.K.O., who brought her to Hollywood to make one film, were so impressed that they offered her a contract that called for one picture a year for three years, and then an option on two more.

ONE A YEAR

To their astonishment, Diana turned it down. "We don't believe in options," she said, and instead she demanded a contract which stipulated a picture a year for five years. And R.K.O. are on the point of agreeing.

She will get \$650,000 for the five films, and \$1,000,000 a week expenses while filming.

[DAVID LEWIN writes: It is standard practice to include a clause which can suspend an agreement at the end of any year. So if the contract dropped after one year, Miss Dors would get one-fifth of the \$2,321,430 plus her expenses.]

But that is only part of the picture. Diana and Dennis plan to form their own production company — just like Marilyn Monroe — to make their own films.

So we may yet see Diana Dors employing Sir Laurence Olivier. "All this should bring us in about \$3,000,000 in the next five years," Dennis told me, "and that's not an inflated figure."

IN ENGLAND

In keeping with her new status as a Hollywood big-money earner, Diana has bought one of the most expensive houses in the only short lease on Marlene Dietrich's house, where they are now living. The new house has two swimming pools.

The price: \$400,000 (£142,857). They insist that they are not going to settle down in Hollywood; they are going to keep their house in England and live there while film-making in England between Hollywood commitments.

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POCKET CARTOON

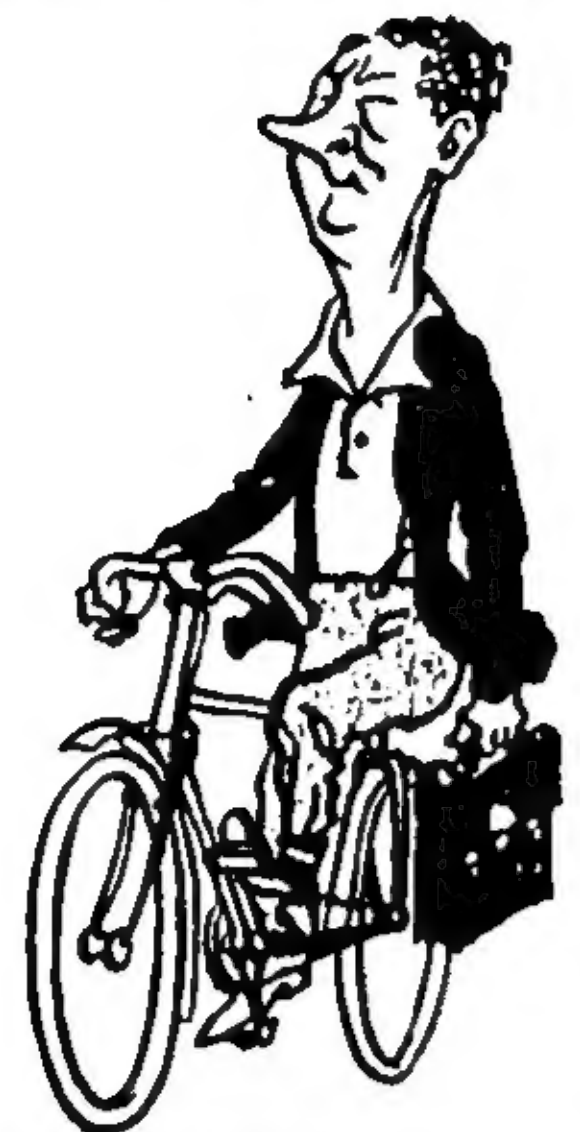
by OSBERT LANCASTER



"Duncan Sands is right! If only we can get rid of those beastly, hoarse-sounding voices of two Army demob and one civilian who are the Grid!"

'Towards Equality'

A PREVIEW OF LIFE IF THE SOCIALISTS GET BACK BY CUMMINGS



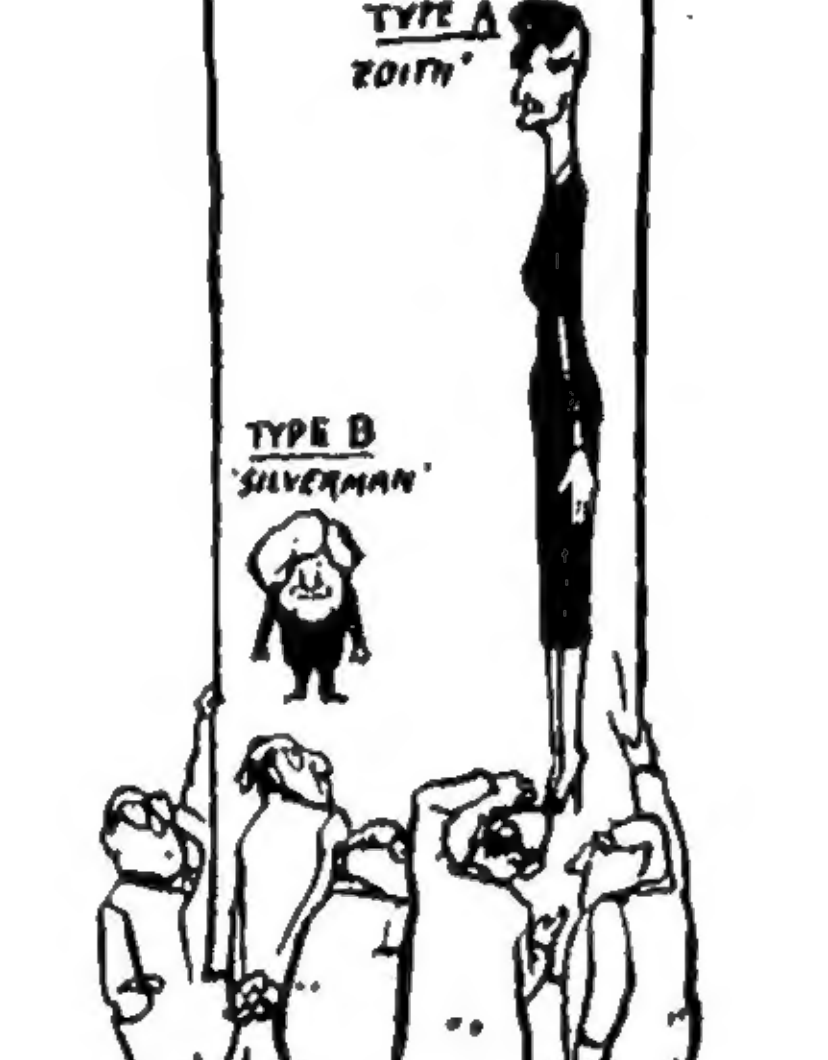
Prime Minister (NOTE: Old Wykehamist the discarded.)



Brigade of Guards mounts duty outside the new palace of her Majesty.



Mr. Boyan permanently gags himself—to stop those flowers of speech that make him seem more equal than others.



A study group appointed to evolve a "common man"!



The Duke of Edinburgh allowed an official car (which he maintains himself).



Meanwhile the proletariat police arrest the last bastion of privilege.

THE DEBS TAME THE HACKNEY TEDDY BOYS

By ANNE SHARPLEY

London. TRIM in sleeveless cotton blouses and tight black skirts the slim young girls of Hackney were spinning in the dedicated trance of expert jivers. Their partners, wearing deep soft soles to their shoes and various interesting forms of tailoring, spun them round and round like brightly-coloured tops.

"They do dance terribly well, don't they! Much better than we do at our dances," observed a girl whose round and radiant pinkness more surely proclaimed her as an English debutante than the expensive dark suit and "real" rings, bangles and brooches that she was wearing.

Across the room another girl, unmistakably "deb" in her well-bred, well-fed way, was talking to a polite but bewildered young man with a Tony Curtis haircut.

THEIR PICK

In social opportunity a grey brick building in the East End equals anything offered in the West End.

There, on the right evening the Teddy and near-Teddy boys can take their pick of names with handles, hyphens, honourables and the very best connections.

If he really gets his courage up a Teddy Boy could find himself living with a pretty cousin of the Queen, Miss DAVINA BOWEN.

Lyon. Or the daughter of a Duke, Lady Moyra Hamilton. Or Miss Sheran Cazalet at whose coming-out dance Princess Margaret was present. Or Miss Susan Kennedy whose father, Major-General Sir John, was Governor of Southern Rhodesia. Or Miss Fiona Haynes, whose accents are of Sherborne, one of the costlier public schools.

But in Pedro Street, Hackney, these names cut less ice than it takes to make a good martini. They are simply on the Management Committee.

SECOND WIND

Pedro Street Settlement, which was launched by the upper set in 1928 on the proceeds of a dance on the roof of Selfridges, has just got its second wind. The debutantes are being recruited by the redoubtable Mrs. Walter Elliot, who has been Chairman of the Settlement since it started. Something had to be done. The Settlement was closed for six months last year for lack of a warden and a committee.

So Mrs. Elliot invited the debutantes to tea and noblesse oblige.

"It is very interesting. You will meet a lot of interesting people. It will be a

great experience for you," she told them.

The debutantes obliged enthusiastically. Wallpapers were whisked in from the West End. Paint in chic determined colours like Siamese pink and brilliant blue surprised the drab interior.

With Christopher Loder, son of Lord Wakehurst, as treasurer, the management committee soon found themselves £200 down and 100 members to the good. But since October Pedro Street has been a roaring success with a waiting list for membership.

It has a friendly free-for-all atmosphere.

Two sorts of a jazz fight for superiority.

"There is a jazz band rehearsing and jazz records for dancing to. They don't mix very well but nobody minds," explains Mr. Murdoch, one of the wardens.

The debutantes hold discussion groups.

"The members have a tremendous lot of general knowledge and common sense. Talking to them is always interesting," says Miss Kennedy, who journeys to Pedro Street at least once a week.

I wondered what the girls and boys of Hackney made of her gentle Sloane Square accent.

"Fortunately, they don't seem to hold it against me," she says pleasantly, and set to trying to persuade a curly-headed called Johnny to go to the House of Commons to see her the next day. She is secretary for the Member for Westminster, and offers Johnny a cup of coffee and a view of the proceedings. Johnny accepts.

WISE MOVE

Miss Cazalet, who at 22 is vice-chairman of the management committee and a granddaughter of P.G. Wodehouse, chats to Bill Jayes, the chairman of the members' committee. Leader of one of the local gangs, it proved a wise move to put his qualities of leadership to good use. Since he became



LADY MOYRA HAMILTON
A Teddy boy could dance with her

chairman gang warfare, intimidation and wilful damage have ceased abruptly.

"What I like about this place is that you can do what you like," explains Bill Jayes. "Provided you stick to the rules," he adds, remembering that it was now his job to enforce law and order.

The debutantes drive off in a spanking new car to a lot of very cheerful friendly goodbyes.

Pedro Street Settlement had been started by their parents just twenty-seven years ago. It was nice to think they were still needed and fixed down there, even if funds were getting harder and harder to raise.

And, as Miss Cazalet put it, "it does in some way justify one's fun."

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JOHNNY HAZARD



...this situation calls for a
San Miguel

MIND TRANSFORMING IN THE BRAVE NEW WORLD

By ALDOUS HUXLEY

THE people described in "Brave New World" did not drink cocktails or smoke opium; they swallowed tablets of soma. Not, of course, the soma mentioned in the Vedas—a rather dangerous drug derived from some as yet unidentified plant native to South Central Asia—but a synthetic combining "all the advantages of Christianity and alcohol, none of their defects."

In small doses soma was a releaser of tensions, an inducer of euphoria, a fosterer of friendliness and social solidarity. In medium doses it was mildly hallucinant and in large doses, narcotic.

Virtually all the Brave New Worlders thought themselves happy. This was due in part to the fact that they had been bred and conditioned to take the place assigned to them in the social hierarchy, in part to the sleep-teaching which had made them content with their lot, in part to soma and the stability with which the drug endowed them, to take holidays from unpleasant circumstances and their yet unpleasant selves.

Narcotics

ALL the natural narcotics, stimulants, relaxants and hallucinants known to the modern biologist and pharmacologist were discovered by primitive man and have been in use from time immemorial. One of the first things that homo sapiens did with his newly-developed rationality and self-consciousness was to set them to work finding out ways to bypass analytical thinking and to transcend, or in extreme cases, completely suppress, the isolating awareness of the self.

Trying all things that grew in meadow or forest, they held fast to that which, in this context, seemed good—everything, that is to say, that would change the quality of consciousness, would make it different, no matter how, from everyday thinking, feeling and perceiving.

Among the Hindus, rhythmic breathing and mental concentration have, to some extent, taken the place of the mind-transforming drugs used elsewhere. But even in the land of yoga, even among the religious

This is the third and last article in the series in which Aldous Huxley, whose "Brave New World" was the literary sensation of the thirties, re-examines his prophetic fantasy in the light of the past 25 years.

and for specifically religious purposes, cannabis indica has been freely used to supplement the effects of spiritual exercises.

The habit of taking chemical vacations from the more or less purgatorial world, given or all too home-made, of ordinary experience is universal. Moralists may denounce it; but in spite of all disapproving talk and repressive legislation, the habit persists and mind-transforming drugs are everywhere available.

The Marxian formula, "Religion is the opium of the people," is reversible and one can say, with even more truth, that "opium is the religion of the people." In more general terms, mind-transformation, however induced (whether by devotional or psycho-gymnastic or chemical means), has always been felt to be one of the highest, perhaps the very highest, of all attainable goods.

Up to the present, governments have thought of the problem of mind-transforming chemicals only in terms of prohibition or, a little more realistically, of control and taxation. None so far has considered it in the light of modern knowledge, or in its relation to individual well-being and social stability.

Modern Drug

BECAUSE of vested interests and mental inertia, we persist in using alcohol as our main mind-transformer—just as our neolithic ancestors did. We all know perfectly well that alcohol is responsible for a large proportion of our traffic accidents, crimes of violence and domestic miseries; and yet we make no effort to replace this old-fashioned and extremely unsatisfactory drug by some new, more effective and less harmful mind-transformer.

Among the Brave New Worlders Noah's prehistoric in-

vention of fermented liquor has been made obsolete by a modern drug, specifically designed to contribute to social order and to do so at the minimum physiological cost.

In the world described in my fable, soma was used in a thoroughly undesirable way—to secure the willing consent of slaves to their servitude, to ensure the stability of a hierarchical society, to which the highest interests of its members were systematically sacrificed.

But it goes without saying that, by the malignant or the ignorant, anything and everything can be used badly. Alcohol, for example, has been used to facilitate the exchange of thought in a symposium (literally a drinking party) of philosophers. It has also been used, as the slave traders used it, to facilitate kidnapping, or, as the first American settlers in California used it on the local Indians, to reduce an entire population to abject docility.

Historical Evidence

THAT soma might be abused is obvious; but the thing is not intrinsically evil. On the contrary, a harmless but effective mind-transforming drug might prove to be a major blessing. And in a history (as history makes abundantly clear), there will never be any question of getting rid of chemical mind-transformers altogether.

The choice which confronts us is not a choice between soma and something at all; it is a choice between soma and alcohol, soma and opium, soma and hashish, coca, ololiuqui, peyote, datura, agaric and all the rest of the natural mind-transformers, between soma and such products of scientific chemistry as ether, chloral, veronal, benzadrine and the barbiturates.

In a word, we have to choose between a more or less harmless all-round drug and a wide variety of more or less harmful and only partially effective drugs. And this choice will not be delayed until the seventh century After Ford. Pharmacology is on the march.

Happiness Pills

THE world of "Brave New World" is no longer a distant dream. Indeed, something possessing many of the characteristics of soma is already with us. I refer to the most recent of the tranquillizing drugs—the Happiness Pill, as its users affectionately call it, known in America under the trade name of Miltown and Equinal. These Happiness Pills exert a double action; they relax the tension in striped muscles and in so doing relax the associated psychological tensions. At the same time they act upon the enzyme system of the brain in such a way as to prevent disturbances arising in the hypothalamus from interfering with the workings of the cortex.

On the mental level, the effect is a blessed release from anxiety and in self-regarding emotionality. It becomes possible for a person to confront given reality (even the given reality of physical pain) with a measure of detachment and impartiality. There is a sense of well-being and, very often, a striking improvement in behaviour.

So far, no unpleasant side-effects or dangerous sequelae have been observed. It almost looks as though Happiness Pills

might be taken indefinitely with none but agreeable and useful results. But the universe is not in the habit of giving us anything for nothing and it seems hardly credible, on general principles, that we can get so much without somehow paying for it.

In my fable, the Savage expresses his belief that the advantages of soma must be paid for by losses on the highest human levels, ethical, aesthetic, spiritual. Probably, he was right. And yet there is a great deal to be said for being able, if one finds oneself in a disturbing situation, to assume at will an attitude towards events of non-attachment, anxiety, "holy indifference."

The Results

THE moral worth of an action cannot be measured exclusively in terms of intention. It is judged by good intentions, and we have to give at least some consideration to results. Rational and kindly behaviour tends to produce good results, and the results remain good, even though such behaviour should be the consequence of taking a pill.

On the other hand, can we with impunity replace self-control and systematic discipline by a chemical? It remains to be seen. At the present rate of scientific progress, the question will be decided by actual experience within a very few years.

Meanwhile, advancing pharmacology may be expected to enrich the armamentarium of dictatorship in a variety of ways. Drugs for heightening suggestibility already exist and can certainly be improved. What a boon for totalitarian missionaries and brain-washers in the foreign field, and for totalitarian educators at home!

And what a boon for totalitarian generals if there were a drug that would make their men braver and tougher! At all times alcohol has been used in war, in order to banish fear. It should not be hard to synthesize a better brand of Dutch Courage and, along with it, some compound that would diminish fatigue and increase endurance.

"Aie," says the anonymous poet, "Bids valour burgeon in tall men, Quickens the poet's wit and pen, Displaces fate."

The Other World

IN regard to valour and contempt for fate, the claim is justified. But, except in the drinker's own estimation, alcohol never quickened anyone's wit. With the pharmacologists be able to do better than the brewers and the distillers? It seems reasonable to suppose it.

Long before 600 A.F. people may be taking wit-quickeners not only to cope with a moment of crisis, but perhaps even for the long haul. Which will be as helpful to the totalitarian planners as to the democratic planners. Indeed, since the totalitarianists are likely to make widespread use of such drugs before the democrats can make up their minds to do so, chemical wit-quickeners may serve the worse cause more effectively than the better.

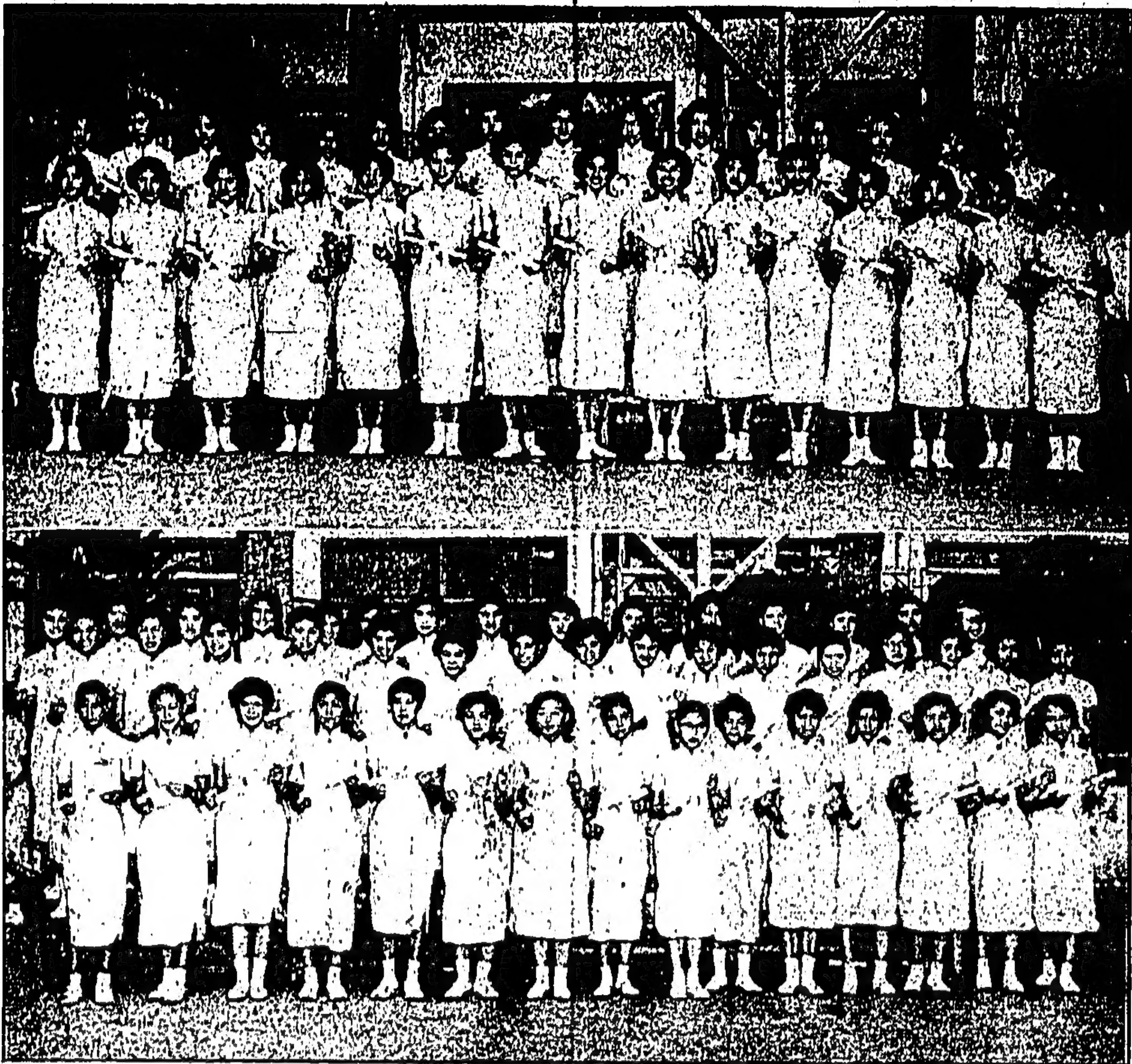
Of all the consciousness-transforming drugs the most interesting, though not the most immediately useful, are those which, like lysergic acid and mescaline, open the door to what may be called the Other World of the mind. Many workers are now exploring the effects of the mind-openers already in existence, and we may be sure that other drugs of the same kind will be produced in the near future.

What use will ultimately be made of these extraordinary elixirs, it is impossible to say. My own opinion is that they will play a part in the lives of human beings at least as great as the part played in our history by alcohol, and incomparably more beneficent.

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By Frank Robbins





THE annual graduation exercises of the Trua Light Middle School, Kowloon, took place last Saturday. These pictures show (top) graduates of Senior III and (bottom) graduates of Junior III. (Staff Photographer)



PROF. Edmund Blunden (seated in centre of middle row) entertained to dinner by undergraduates of the Hongkong University to mark the award to him of the Queen's Gold Medal for Poetry. On Prof. Blunden's left are Mrs Blunden and Prof. F. S. Drake, Dean of the Faculty of Arts. (Staff Photographer)



LEFT: Wedding at St Andrew's Church, Kowloon, of Mr. Brian Clover and Miss Pamela King. (Staff Photographer)



CIVIL servant members of the Hongkong University Alumni Association gave a dinner last Monday when the guest of honour was His Excellency, the Officer Administering the Government, Mr. E. B. David, who is seen being greeted above by Dr. E. Thom. On right is Mr. Leung Fung-ki. (Staff Photographer)



PRIZEGIVING at the Gun Club School yesterday morning. Mrs. J. H. Unwin, wife of the Commodore-in-Charge, presenting a prize to Ginette Pierpont, first in Class 1B. (Staff Photographer)

RIGHT: Scene at the Kowloon control centre during last Saturday's exercise when the Special Constabulary and Police Reserve took over duties from the regular Police. (Staff Photographer)



RIGHT: Picture taken following the wedding at Christ Church, Kowloon Tong, of Mr. James Kung and Miss Marjorie Woo. (Staff Photographer)



MR James T. Ivy, Hongkong representative of the Asia Foundation, distributing prizes at the first annual graduation of the Chinese YMCA College, Kowloon. (Staff Photographer)



WEDDING of Mr. Leonard Stephen Goldie and Miss Agnes Angela Evans at St Margaret's Church last Sunday. The bride signing the register. (Staff Photographer)



MR Chan Yue-yul, who has retired after more than 30 years as Principal of the Hongkong Lingnan Middle School, speaking at the tea party given by the Board of Trustees in his honour. (Staff Photographer)

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THE pupils of King George V School and representatives of the School's Parents' Association presented farewells to Mrs. E. M. Hill, who has taught at the School for more than 21 years, at the end of term assembly. Mrs. Hill, who is going on retirement, is seen speaking at the ceremony. (Staff Photographer)



HIS Excellency the Officer Administering the Government, Mr. E. B. David, chatting with the French Consul-General and Madame Andre Beaulieux at the Bastille Day reception at the Hongkong Club. (Staff Photographer)



MR Wim van der Goes snapped before he started last Saturday on his round-island walkathon attempt. Mr van der Goes was forced to give up because of an old knee injury. (Staff Photographer)



MR Roy Dunlop, Rediffusion programme director, giving a talk to members of the Hongkong Round Table at a dinner held at the Volunteer Centre. (Staff Photographer)



LEFT: Presentation of certificates by Mrs. B. C. K. Hawkins at the annual speech day of the Aberdeen Trade School. (Staff Photographer)

NO. 1 Platoon, team champions at the annual swimming sports of the Royal Army Pay Corps. (Staff Photographer)

RIGHT: Wedding at the Kowloon Tong Church of the Chinese Christian and Missionary Alliance of Mr T. M. Yuan and Miss Janet Pih. (Staff Photographer)



LEFT: Mr Seaker S. K. Chao, President of Hong Kong College, presenting certificates at last week's graduation exercises. (Staff Photographer)

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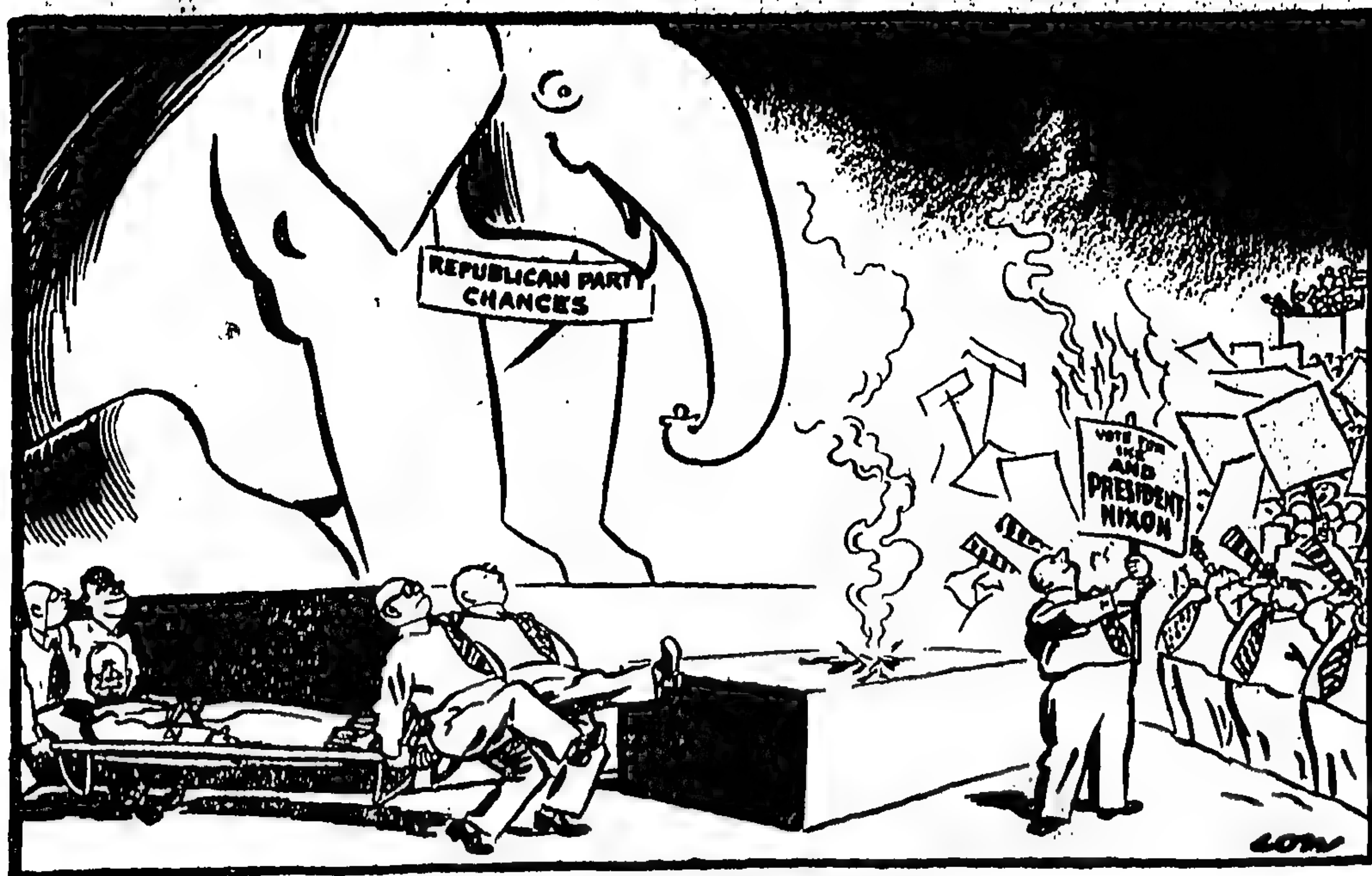


SOME of the pretty girls taking part in the revue, "Oh, Girls, How Dare You?" first produced on Thursday evening at Morse Hut, Kowloon. The show, directed by Freddie Tennant, has 22 acts and a cast of 40. (Staff Photographer)

IRISH LINEN MESH SHIRTS

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SACRIFICE TO THE SACRED ELEPHANT.

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SOLOMON BANDARANAIKE BURST LIKE A BOMB OVER THE FIELD OF INTERNATIONAL POLITICS WHEN HE BECAME PRIME MINISTER OF CEYLON . . . NOW THAT HE HAS GOT BRITAIN TO SURRENDER HER BASES, IT IS TIME TO FIND OUT WHAT HE IS LIKE, WHAT HE BELIEVES IN, AND HOW HE WILL ACT

WHERE IS BANDA LEADING CEYLON?

By LES ARMOUR

WHEN London often gives the impression that he is morally neutral as well. Bandaranaike is not a moralist. He does not like either the foreign policy of the Soviet Union, or the domestic policy of Communism—and he is prepared to say so. It also happens that he does not like the foreign policies of John Foster Dulles, and he has no intention of putting himself in a position in which he would find himself committed to those policies whether he liked it or not.

One of the difficulties about agreements like NATO and SEATO is that the militant policies of the group tend to commit the less powerful, whether they agree with them or not.

In the first place, said the pundits, Bandaranaike is obviously a nationalist: witness his attacks on foreign capital. In the second place, they reasoned, he is clearly a socialist: witness his plan to oust Britain from her bases. Finally, they insisted, he is a Socialist of the most outrageous left-wing sort: witness his plans to nationalise foreign plantations.

This analysis appeared to be so indubitably correct that all good and righteous opponents of nationalism, neutralism, and Socialism were at once marshalled in his abuse.

It is doubtful that he will ever live down this reputation. It is even more doubtful that he wholly deserves it.

DETERMINED MAN

It is a small, bespectacled, determined man who, for the whole of his 57 years, has systematically devoted himself to the development of his own outlook on life and who, for the whole of his adult life, has systematically devoted himself to the development of his very personal political philosophy.

The one against whom he has been fighting since he was a child is the world that he cannot sit back and allow events in the world to take their course unchecked.

He has constantly reminded his countrymen that, in the modern world, they cannot rely wholly on themselves. More precisely, he has told them that they cannot sit back and allow events in the world to take their course unchecked.

He has insisted that, somewhere another force has developed to keep the world from falling apart. To do this, nations must draw closer together, not further apart.

These are not the ordinary sentiments of a "nationalist." He has no use for the William Randolph Hearst philosophy of "My country right or wrong, but still my country."

REAL PROBLEM

The second is that the plan is not motivated by abstract Socialist principles so much as by the fact that some commercial undertakings like, for instance, foreign tea plantations put Ceylon in a difficult position. The tea industry is one which demands large-scale operations. Individual Sinhalese lack the resources to take it over. The choice is between having the island's most important single industry very largely in foreign hands and government ownership.

Other things being equal, it is not healthy for any country to have a major industry in foreign hands. The situation tends to discourage initiative and, much worse, to create political tension.

In this case, "other things" may not be equal. But the problem is a real and a special one.

Bandaranaike is not a fanatic about it. He is genuinely concerned. The final test of his policies will have to be in their results. They do not seem to permit immediate judgment.

Is there, for instance, a real "third way" between East and West?



PRIME MINISTER BANDARANAIKE

West in the cold war? Bandaranaike would say that there is, simply because the West has chosen to fight a moral issue with a show of force. The issue must be fought on its own grounds.

A LONG WAY

Is his tendency to inflame national feeling and his dislike of foreign capital compatible with his ideals of international co-operation? Bandaranaike believes that Ceylon must stand on her own feet before she can make any useful contribution to the rest of the world, and that the two policies are therefore not only compatible but necessary to one another.

Is his political opportunism—e.g. his deal with the Trotskyites—compatible with his moral ideals? He believes that a united country must be his first objective. If his coalition really works, he has certainly progressed towards that end. His coalition swept 61 of the 68 seats in the House.

On the other hand the current riots over Ceylon's complex language problem suggest that he still has a long way to go before he achieves a functioning union.

Of one thing there is some certainty. Solomon West Ridgeway Dias Bandaranaike is a brilliant man and an exceptionally clever politician.

At Oxford (where he was a contemporary of Christ's Church College of Sir Anthony Eden) he was Secretary of the Oxford Union and defeated Malcolm MacDonald (later to become Commissioner-General for Southeast Asia) for the Junior Treasurer of the same organisation.

He graduated, curiously, in Classics and, afterwards, was admitted to the Bar at the Inner Temple. In 1930, after six years away from Ceylon, he went home, studied law, and challenged A. E. Goonesinghe, then leader of the Ceylonese bar, to a debate on the Ceylonese bar.

PICK A CARD, SAID GUNTER

By Gerald Allen

LUCAS and I had boarded the 6.05 for home and were opening our newspapers, when Gunter climbed into the compartment.

"Ah, thought it was you two lads," he said. "Nice to have company and a bit of a chat."

A "chat" with Gunter consists of having to listen to a long explanation of how he got the better of someone who thought he was smart until he encountered the master mind. The only remedy is to talk him down. I glanced at Lucas to see whether he was in the mood to cope with the situation, but Gunter struck the first blow.

"Cigarette?" he asked jovially, handing a packet round. We accepted, and lit up. After a few draws, my cigarette suddenly bent at right angles in the middle. Gunter smiled. "Just a little joke, old boy."

One has to make allowances for a half-wit like Gunter, but it was surprising how amused Lucas was at such a schoolboy trick. He was still laughing at my discomfiture when his own cigarette exploded. There was such a look of astonishment on his face, I couldn't help chuckling.

It was a harmless joke, and I was a bit pained to see how badly Lucas took the whole thing. Strange how the best of people are short-tempered when the joke's on them.

"No need to be so put out, my dear fellow," said Gunter. "I've caught a lot of people with

the seven of clubs anyway. You can't go wrong." "You chaps make fun of everything," grumbled Gunter. "Not at all. It's a very simple trick," said Lucas, in an offended tone.

"Of course, if you want something more difficult, there's always the one where you bring a rabbit out of a top-hat," I said.

"Oh, I can manage that one all right," boasted the master magician.

"Don't be too ambitious at the start," I cautioned. "A friend of mine once attempted that trick and it brought

THE KING OF WHISKIES

disaster." "Shocking affair," agreed Lucas.

"He'd invited a lot of friends to see his performance and was so anxious that the trick should be a success that he'd stationed rabbits in all parts of the house, in case the first rabbit let him down. There was an abundance of lettuce on the greenness, but my friend absent-mindedly left it in the pantry, which was locked. The rabbits, being hungry, burrowed about all over the place, and the house collapsed just as the audience was arriving."

"Of course, my friend tried to laugh it off, and pretended that the trick had intended, but the rabbits refused to support his story and he lost face in consequence. The landlord turned nasty as well."

"When you've quite finished," said Gunter stiffly, "I'll show you my latest trick. Here's a pack of cards—now you pick one."

"Is this the one with the tiger and the stuffed birds?" asked Lucas. Gunter ignored him.

"Put the card back in the pack," commanded Gunter. And when Lucas had done so, the conjurer started to shuffle the cards furiously.

"It was the king of spades," said Lucas, affably.

"You've ruined the trick," Gunter snarled. "You mustn't let anyone know what it is. Here, you pick one," he said to me.

"What happens if it's day-light?"

"You've already pulled heavy shutters to the windows, so that artificial lighting is a necessity," explained Lucas, who had swallowed his previous annoyance, and was rallying to the good cause of silencing Gunter.

"Moving swiftly through the darkness," I continued, "I deftly balance a case of stuffed birds on the head of the person who selected the card. A powerful electric torch in his face, and shout 'Your card is the seven of clubs.'"

"What happens if it's not?" asked Gunter.

"He'll be too confused to contradict you—and all the cards

Later, as Minister of Health, he masterminded an almost completely successful drive to rid the island of malaria, its most crippling plague.

At the same time, he was busy in the complicated business of party organisation—another indispensable link in the chain of self-government.

He became secretary of the Ceylon National Congress—a vocally nationalist body which spearheaded the campaign for self-government—and at the president of the organisation.

NEW PARTY

Then, with the coming of complete independence, he was instrumental in the founding of the United National Party—a body more concerned with the business of government than with nationalist aspirations, which, then, were largely redundant.

The UNP formed the government of Ceylon from 1948 until this year. In 1951, however, Bandaranaike broke with the party over what he called a "fundamental divergence" of opinion.

The "fundamental divergence" covered a wide area of political theory and practice. In essence, however, he felt that the UNP had become too tame and too attached to the status quo to solve the problems of a young country rife with administrative, economic and human problems.

He felt the UNP had become too easily attached to Western foreign policy, too tied to the existing economic system.

Bandaranaike formed the Sri Lanka Freedom Party and put up 47 candidates in the general election of 1952. All 47 were elected and Bandaranaike became Leader of the Opposition.

VITAL FACTOR

After a four-year sniping war with the government, he bolstered his position by forming up with two small splinter parties and a group of independents. They costed easily into power.

It is not easy for one man to form a new party and lead it to power in four years in any country—even a comparatively young one. Bandaranaike's single-minded determination was, no doubt, the vital factor.

But he also knows how to relax at the right time. "Relaxed, pipe in hand, he can talk easily on most subjects. He can put almost any visitor at ease with a few words, charm his enemies with an easy smile and an apparent willingness to come to reasonable terms on anything but the things he regards as absolutely fundamental."

He still plays a good game of tennis regularly, and takes as much time as he can to relax with his wife (a daughter of one of the old royal families of Ceylon), his three children and his dogs.

However, wrong-headed his policies may ultimately turn out to be, his enemies will at least find him amenable to reason—and extraordinary in deal

RUSSIA'S ACE ATOM MAN

From DONALD LUDLOW

Washington. RUSSIA'S greatest nuclear scientist, Dr Peter L. Kapitsa, held under house arrest for seven years on Stalin's orders, has been restored to favour and freedom. U.S. scientists just returned from Moscow have reported.

Kapitsa clashed with Stalin because he refused to devote his talents exclusively to the development of nuclear weapons. He told Stalin that he alone must be judge of what directions his research must follow.

Stalin's answer was to bar him from the Moscow laboratories specially built for his use, remove him from his post as Director of the Institute of Physical Problems, and place him under guard in his home in Zvenigorod, a West Moscow suburb.

Now Kapitsa, cleared of all restrictions, is back to his job as a leading figure in Russian nuclear research. The American scientists who met him and were guests at his home are Professor F. Kip of the University of California, Charles Bean of the General Electric Company, and Dr Richard M. Boshart, of the Bell Telephone Laboratories.

According to Dr Boshart, Kapitsa was not alone in incurring Stalin's enmity. Several other physicists were arrested and barred from research, some even being exiled to Siberia. All these men are now back in their jobs.

Western scientists were strongly impressed by the quality and scope of Russian nuclear research, and the training of new men.

Said Dr Boshart: "They seem to have unlimited money to spend and their equipment is very good. I would like to have some of it."

"The Western visitors were also impressed at the freedom of their personal and scientific contacts with the Russians. They were shown everything they wanted to see and there was no barrier at all."

However, wrong-headed his policies may ultimately turn out to be, his enemies will at least find him amenable to reason—and extraordinary in deal

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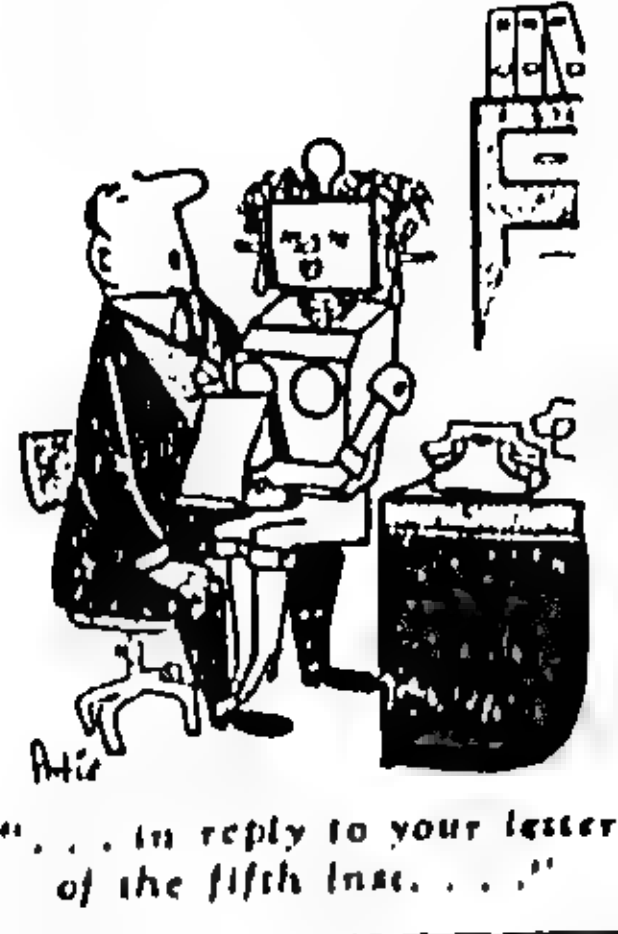
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ARTIE...



What Makes Mantovani Sound Like Mantovani? Why.....Mr Binge!

If you listen to any music show you must have become familiar with the words: "That item was arranged by 'So and so'."

But hardly any listener understands the real value of "So and so's" contribution.

CYRIL STAPLETON'S Column

I'll show you. Last year Mantovani earned 80,000 dollars from America alone on public appearances and record sales, and all because of an arranger's idea.

Glenn Miller became a dollar millionaire, all because of an arranger's idea. His trick was a relatively simple one, he replaced the first alto saxophone in a five-piece sax section with a clarinet. This gave his sax a completely different and instantly recognizable sound.

The Trick

In the case of Mantovani, the arranger's name was Ronnie Binge. His trick was to invent a new way of scoring for strings, which made them sound as though they were playing in a big, echoing hall. Through that idea, Mantovani has become one of the most famous musical celebrities in the world because he is one of the few orchestras which are recognizable by their individual sound.

One of those sounds has been thought of it's easy for other arrangers to imitate in a similar style. Since 1952 Mantovani has been winning all his own arrangements, while Ronnie Binge has turned band leader. Maybe you've heard some of his broadcasts on the B.B.C. Very good they have been too.

Unfortunately, Ronnie hasn't managed to invent a musical trademark for himself as easily distinguishable as the one he created for Mantovani.

What do arrangers get paid? In the case of the B.B.C. they are paid a standard rate of 2s. a bar. This means they get anything from £4 to £20, according to the length of the arrangement. And an arrangement may take them anything from five hours to three days to write.

Sinatra's Men

SOMETIMES the arranger is working for a much better return for his work as in the case of Johnny Dankworth and his recording of "Experiments With Mice."

On this record Johnny is arranger, conductor, musician, band leader, and as the tune is non-copyright, Johnny also collects the composers' fees. There-

fore, with his record selling the way it is, he could collect several thousand pounds.

Often the arranger is the back-room boy behind the recordings of a famous vocal artist. For instance, Frank Sinatra has Axel Stordahl and Nelson Riddle. Guy Mitchell has Mitch Miller. Ruby Murray has Ray Martin.

How much do these men contribute to the success of their artists? A great deal, I should say. I think the reason Sinatra's album "Songs for Swingin' Lovers" is selling as well as it is because the orchestral arrangements are so perfectly suited to Frankie's mood.

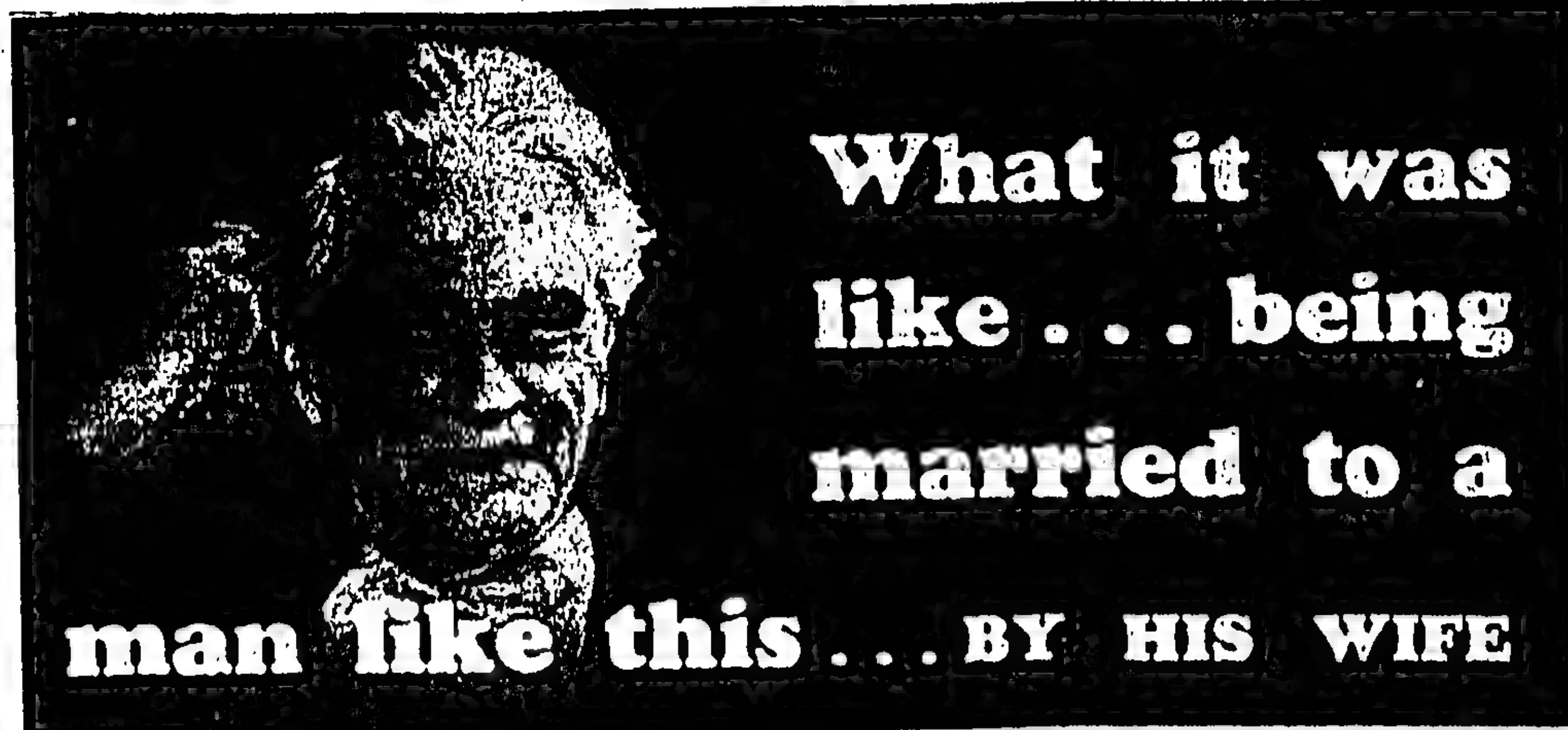
One of my favourite examples of the arrangers' art is the Billy May L.P. "Sera May." Billy is of course well known to everyone who introduced a new style of dance-band writing five or six years ago, but did you know he is also the man behind the scenes in many of America's famous bands?

Billy May writes arrangements for L.A. Brown, Ray Anthony, and many others. He's just recorded a couple of vocal backgrounds for Helen Forrest on Capitol.

The titles are "Taking A Chance On Love" and "I Love You Much Too Much." He also plays the part of himself in a film which is just a general release called "Nightmare."

The Top Ten

1. "I'll Be Home," Pat Boone (London)
2. "A L L S T A R H I T P A R A D E," (Decca)
3. "HEARTBREAK HOTEL," Elvis Presley (H.M.V.)
4. "I'M WALKING BACKWARDS FOR CHRISTMAS," The Goons (Decca)
5. "WHY DO FOOLS FALL IN LOVE?" Teen Aegers (Columbia)
6. "HOT DIGGITY," Perry Como (H.M.V.)
7. "LOST JOHNNY," Lonnie Donegan (Pye-Nixa)
8. "EXPERIMENTS WITH MICE," Johnny Dankworth (Parlophone)
9. "WAYWARD WIND," Gogi Grant (London)
10. "MY SEPTEMBER LOVE," David Whitfield (Decca)



NANCY SPAIN'S SATURDAY BOOK COLUMN

THE World's Most Perfect Woman married the Father of Physical Culture, a man who was still making parachute jumps at the age of 85.

Together they loved, quarrelled, made a £10,000,000 fortune from such magazines as True Story and Physical Culture.

They had seven children whose names all begin with "B." They divorced. And now, Mrs. Mary MacColl, who for 32 nightmare years shared the life of Bernard MacColl, has told her True Story. It is called DUMB BELLS AND CARROT STRIPS (Gollancz, 18/-).

And what was it like? Well, Matrimony with this indestructible Tycoon of the Gymnastics? Well, Mrs. MacColl puts her case very well.

HER IDEA... HE

PINCHED IT

SHE met him when she was 19. Innocent, healthy and of 19. She had won a £100 prize offered by him for the Perfect Woman. He never put up. He took her on tour in his Muscle Show, married her instead.

He put her through absolute hell. She had to dive 60 feet from Brighton pier, and do similar, acrobatics before the crowds twice nightly. She had the idea for True Story, he pinched it.

By the time they had had seven children and he was a millionaire (employing no less a person than Fulton Oursler as an editor) their marriage was just about on the rocks.

They went to Europe, where MacColl met Mussolini. Then he shouted "Woman!

His second wife said he was "cruel and inhuman." So he was. He was also a little bit crazy. When, at the age of 85, he made a parachute jump on his birthday he said: "I feel as fresh as a cucumber."

He always signed himself "Books." He wrote them instead. He never ate unless he was hungry. He tried and failed to become President of the U.S.A. He wore his hair long and floating, frequently grinning to make sure his face "wasn't getting off." He changed his name from Bernard to Bernard because it had more "Adam Power." He was indeed an old horror. What killed him in the end?

Oldly enough a dose of prison. He had fallen behind in his alimony payments to the second and third Mrs. MacColl. When ordered to pay by the court, he again failed. So he was gaoled for contempt. The prison diet gave him jaundice. So I suppose you could say it was married life killed him.

MACCOLL HAS THE ANSWERS

ANYWAY, Mary MacColl's book, I may say, is a model of all that non-fiction should be, even according to the Rules of Journalism, as laid down by brilliant, witty 51-year-old colleague Rene MacColl in DEADLINE AND DATELINE (Oldbourne Press 15/-), the story of his reporting life. I get lots of letters from youngsters asking how to be a journalist. Well, MacColl has all the answers:

NEVER break a confidence; be afraid to ask questions; reveal a source; talk about your "exclusive"; neglect a contact; overestimate a "social" contact;

write anything which you will regret; try to score off anybody—just write facts; lose your sense of proportion.

ALWAYS refuse to be told anything "off the record," assume that everyone has an enormous memory; allow for "human nature"; remember "news, not views"; be sympathetic; remember that the cliché comes when you are pressed for time; remember that cynicism and boredom are the enemies, honesty and zest your allies.

And above all, says MacColl: "Have fun! I do..."

Balzac—New Translation

ELEK Books, Ltd. are bringing out a new series in English of the novels of Honore de Balzac, a great many of whose works have not been available in English translations for many years—some of these apparently not since the turn of the century.

The first of this series "CESAR BROTEAU," is a story of the rise and fall and the rehabilitation of a bankrupted Parisian perfumer, is now available. This novel was written in 1837, being the series making up "The Human Comedy," and is based on the period of Louis XVIII of a few years earlier.

The bankers and the businessmen to be met in the pages of this book, their reactions to an imminent bankruptcy their "I told you so!" reaction when the crash comes, and their high praise for the rehabilitation of an honest if unfortunate man, the tragedy of whose life they could have averted with some quick stocktaking, some goodwill and patience, do not leave an imprint on the imagination that stamps them as outdated by a century and a half.

MASTER WORK

Balzac, it is said, based this novel, generally regarded as a masterpiece, on his own unhappy commercial experience.

Broteau had come to Paris at the age of 14, had become a businessman in his own right in his early twenties and had already reached a position of respect among Parisian shopkeepers as a referee of the Commercial Court and as a Member of the Legion of Honour, when his troubles began.

Unfortunately for him he had some money to invest and he was advised to put this into building lots. He knew what there was to be known in those days of the business of a perfumer—Balzac even credited him with being the first man to embark on modern advertising methods on a grand scale—but he knew little of the real estate and banking business. His came up against unscrupulous dealing completely foreign to his experience, and was simple enough to believe that nobody would stoop so low as to wish to ruin a Member of the Legion of Honour.

ONE ENEMY

He had, to begin with, only one enemy, whom he had caught in the act of rifling his petty cash box and had further enraged by treating with Christian charity. When the crash came Broteau discovered that his years of fair dealing were not to be considered in the balance against the coffee-shop rumours that his financial position was precarious.

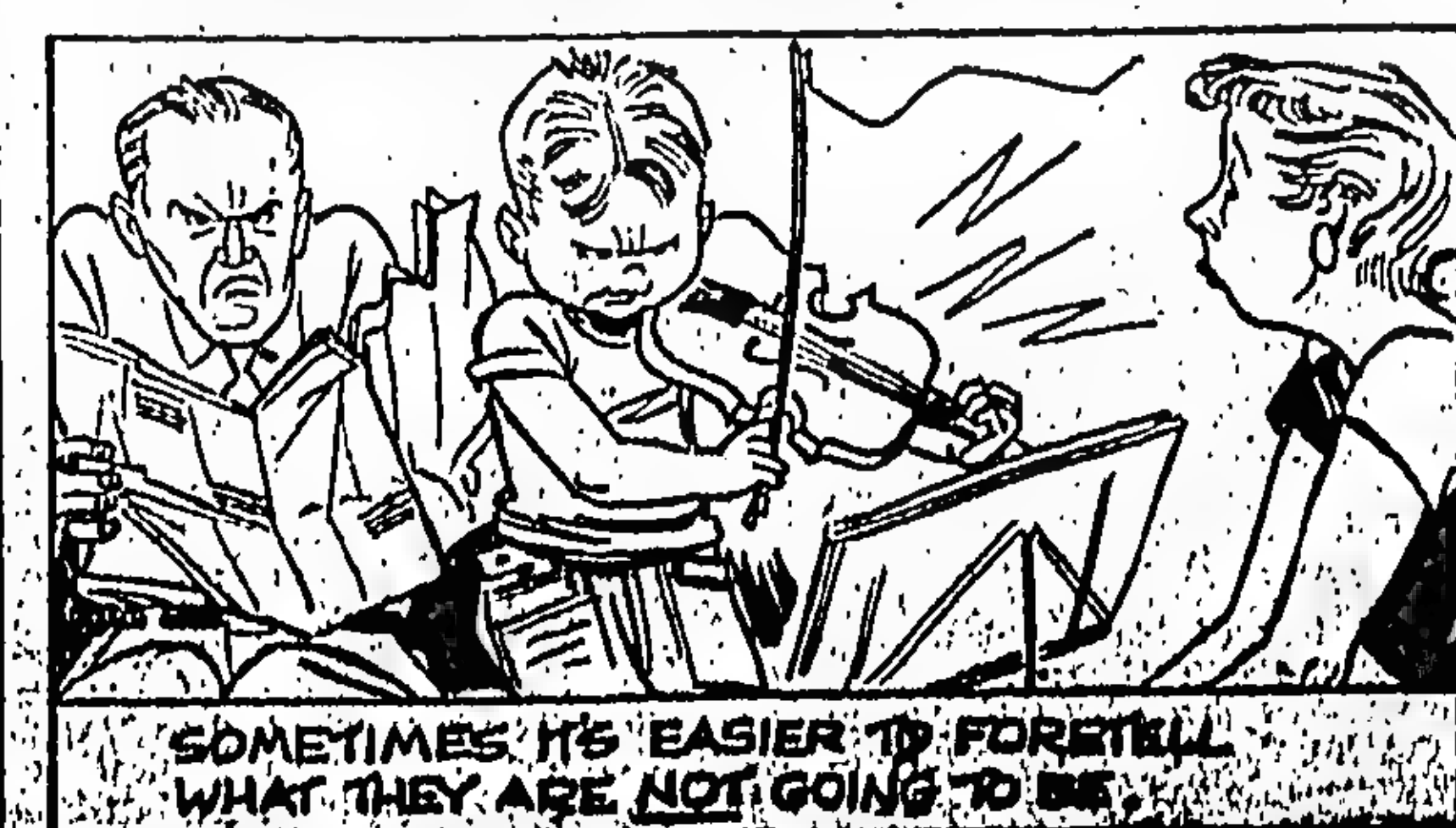
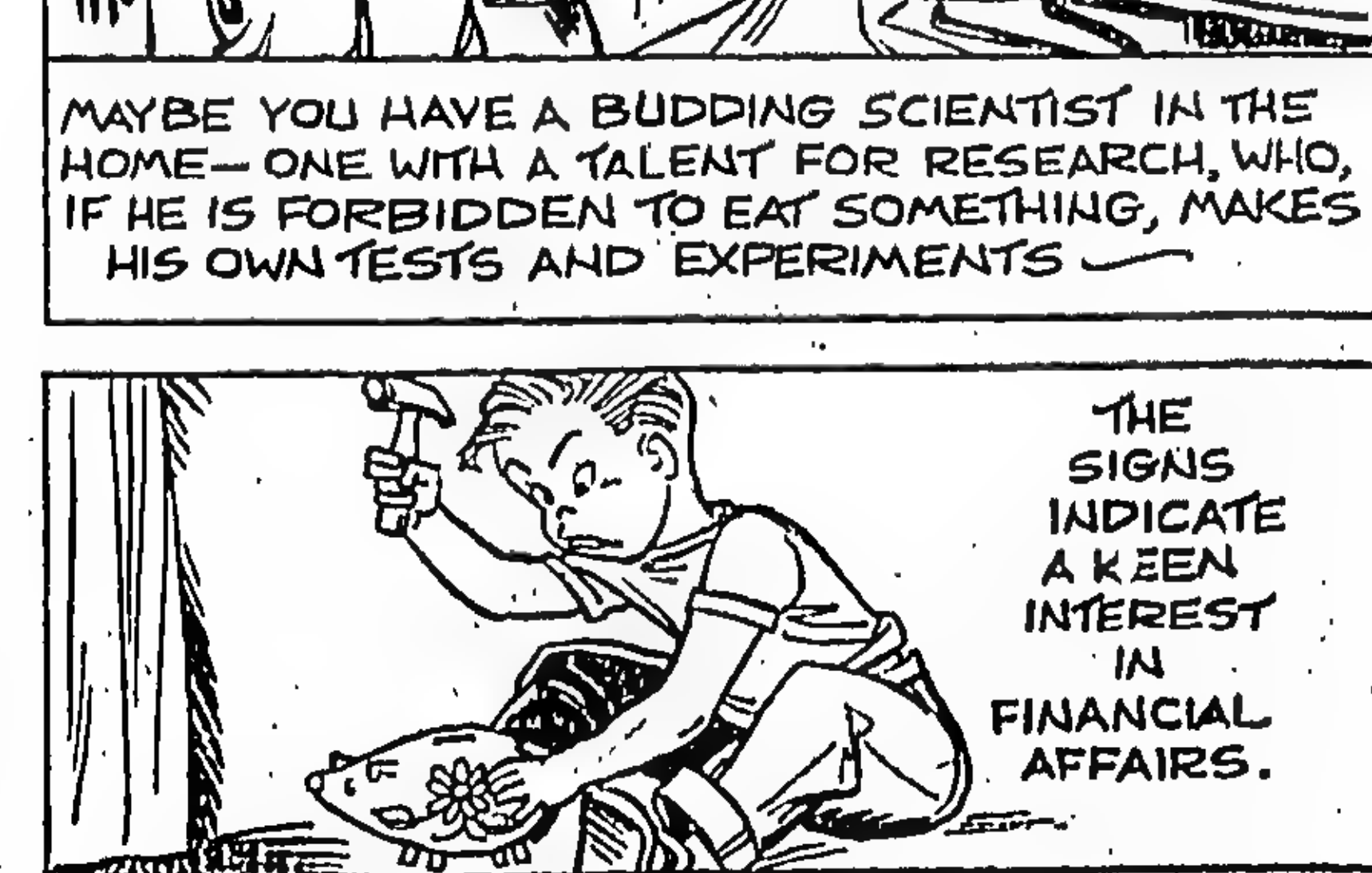
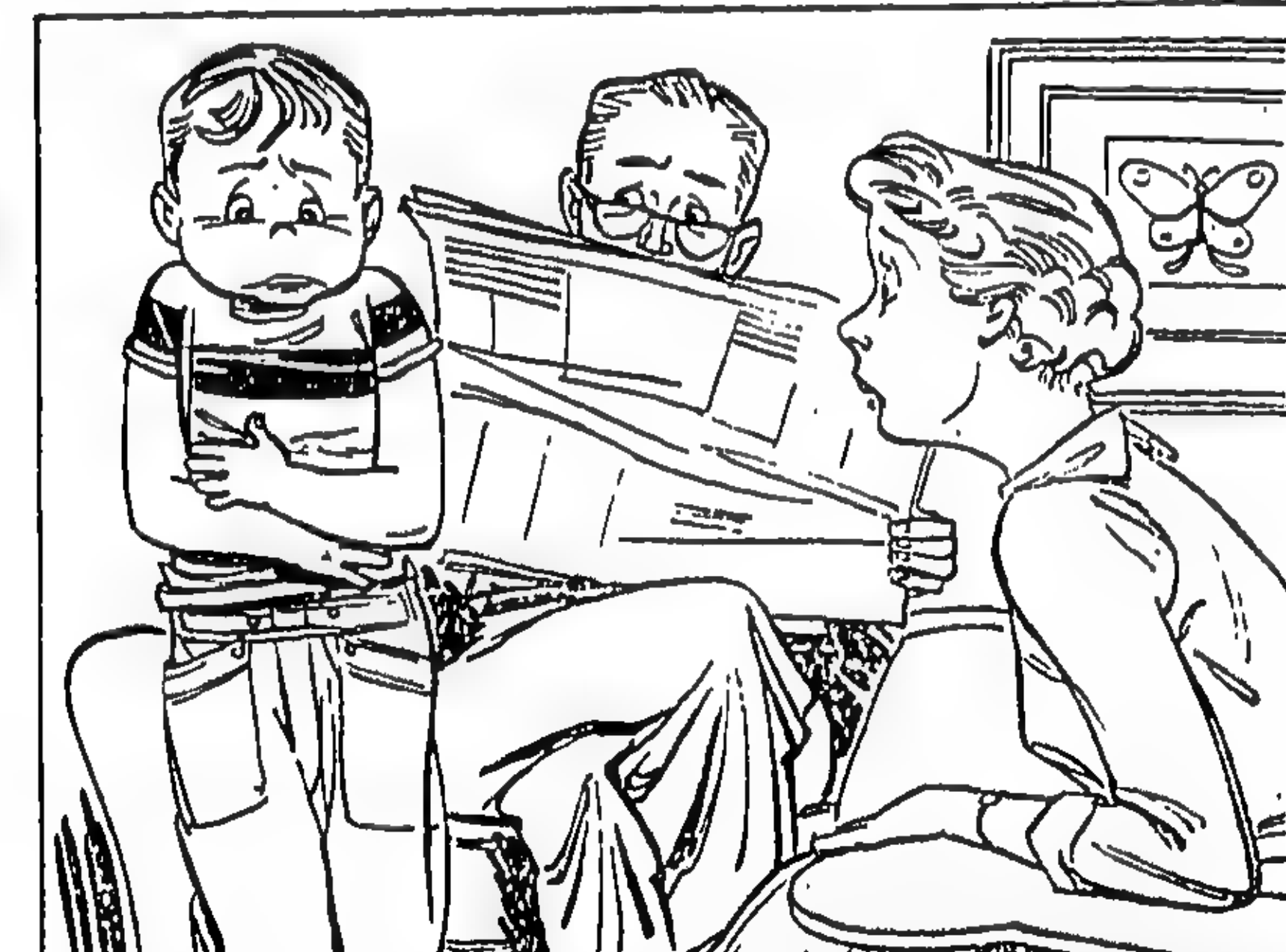
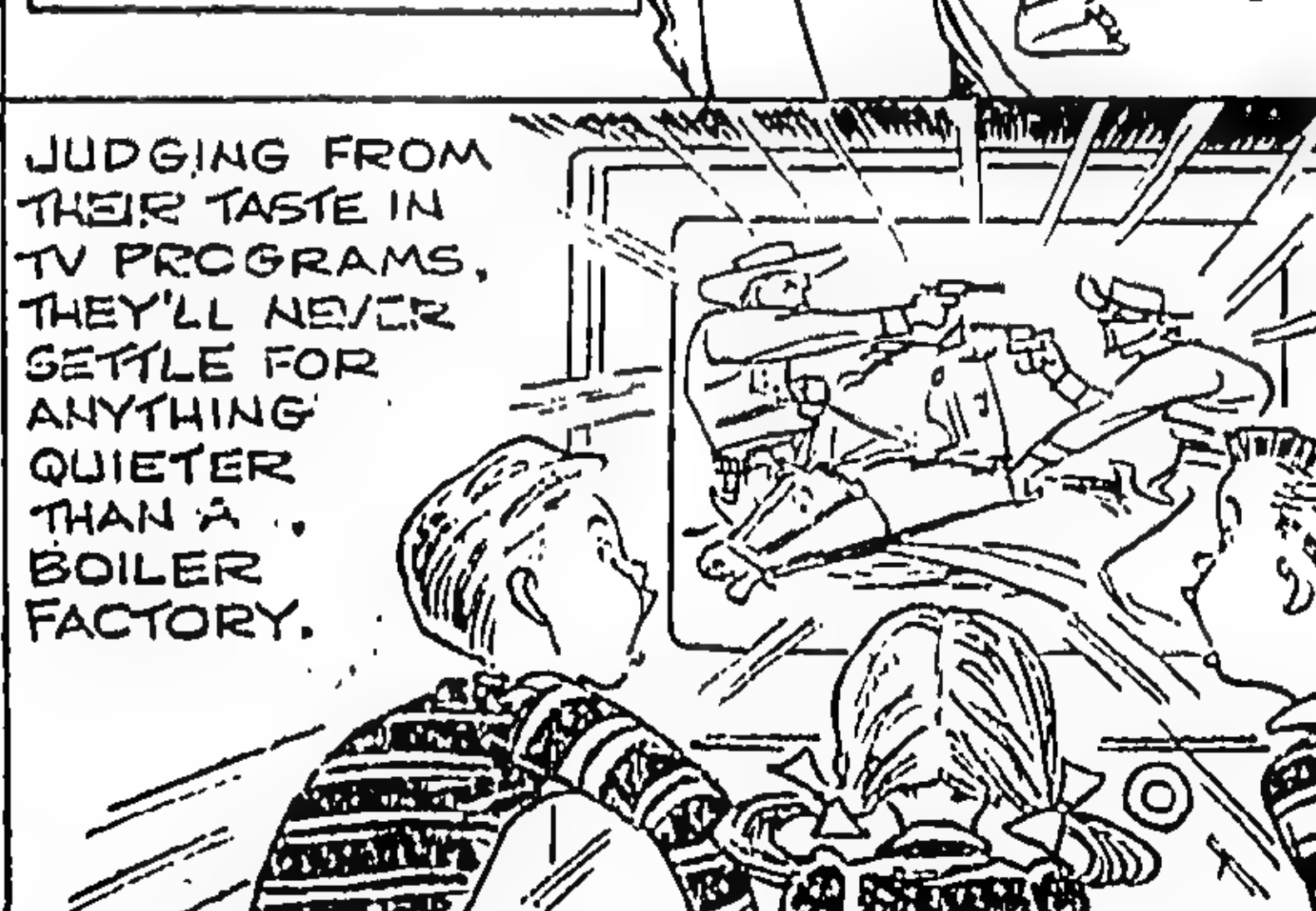
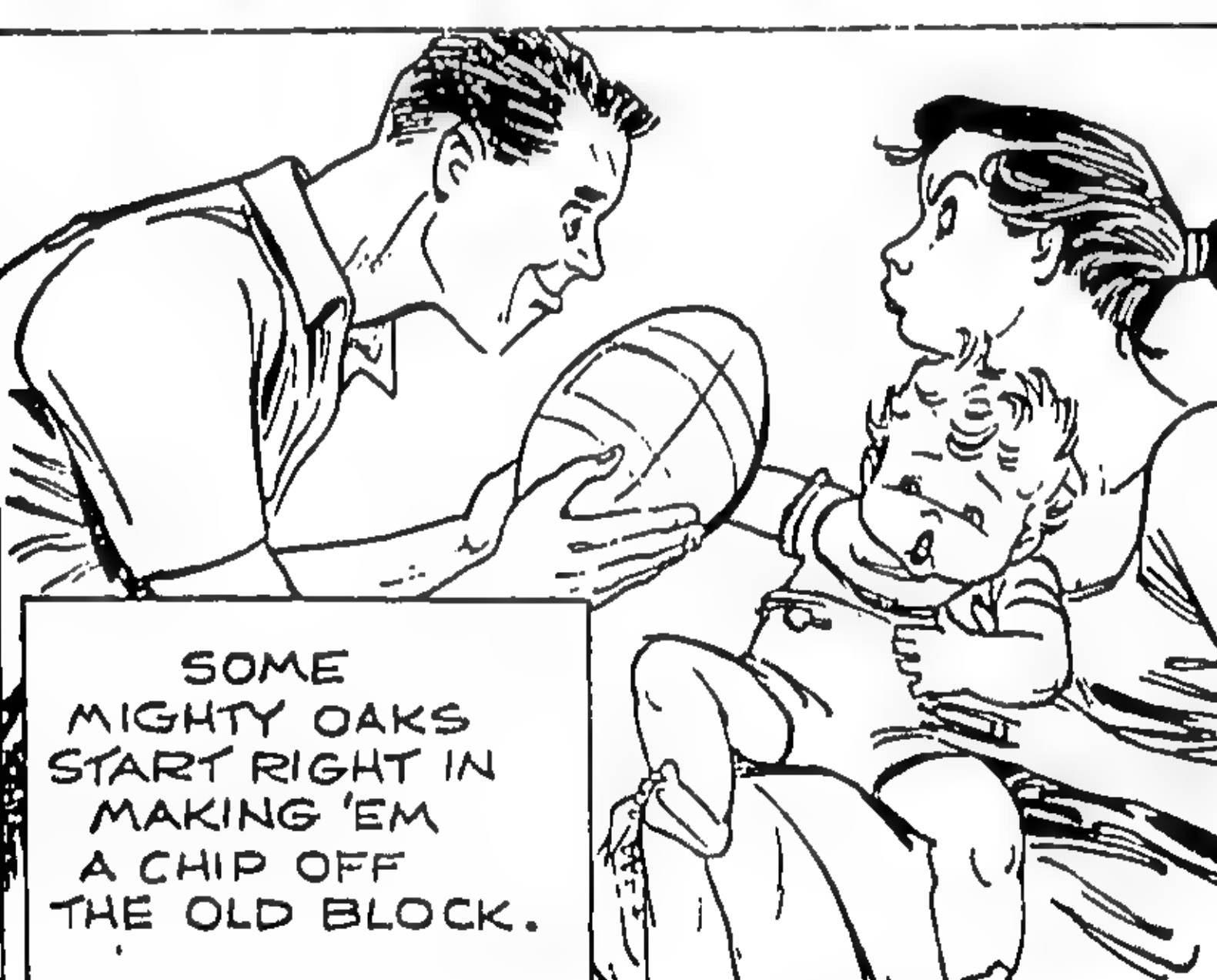
Balzac treats every situation with scrupulous fairness. The reader discovers eventually that most of the men who helped ruin Broteau were more glibly of pander than heartlessness, and there were some who refused to be partners in this panic and stood by Broteau.

Balzac reminds his readers, with some memorable pen sketches of the characters in the tale, forsooth narrative and shrewd analysis, that it takes all kinds to make a world. Even if this story was written nearly 150 years ago, it is still extremely readable.

VIGNETTES OF LIFE

Watching Little Acorns Grow

BY HARRY WEINERT



ACTRESSSES ARE BORN, NOT MADE.

IF HE SPENDS HIS TIME DECORATING THE WALLS, IT MEANS HE'S GOING TO BE AN ARTIST—AND THAT A BITTER PILL FOR ANY PARENT TO SWALLOW.

SOMETIMES IT'S EASIER TO FORETELL WHAT THEY ARE NOT GOING TO BE.

Your Radio Listening For Next Week In Detail—A "China Mail" Feature

More Radio Time For The Fourth Test Match

At Old Trafford

Another big week of sport: today — County Cricket, racing at Ascot, "The King George VI and Queen Elizabeth Stakes", and from Coventry, "The King's Cup Air Race".

And then on Thursday, — commentaries begin on the Fourth Test Match from Old Trafford, Manchester. Reception conditions permitting, Radio Hongkong will devote more air-time to broadcast commentaries on the Fourth Test than was possible for the first three Tests.

Times of commentaries are as follows:—Thursday, 9-9.30 p.m., 10.30-12.15 p.m.; Friday, 9-9.30 p.m., 10.30-12.15 p.m.; Saturday 9.30-10.00, 10.30-11.45; Monday and Tuesday 9-9.30 p.m.; 10.30-12.15 p.m.

Belgian National Day—One hundred and twenty-five years ago today, the first King, the "Constitutional Representative, and hereditary Monarch of Belgium", swore allegiance to Belgium, and since that day the 21st of July has been celebrated as Belgium's National Day.

To honour the occasion, this evening at half past seven, Radio Hongkong is broadcasting a programme specially prepared by the Belgian National Broadcasting Service, in English.

Hongkong Singers—This fine group of singers, under its conductor, Dr. L. T. Rice, is to broadcast from the Concert Hall of Radio Hongkong Mendelssohn's "Hymn of Praise", Opus 52, on Tuesday evening at 8.45.

On this occasion, the soloists will be Margaret Sainsbury (soprano), Joan Turville (soprano) and Peter Seales (tenor); the accompanist will be Isolda Ahwee.

This is an ambitious work for an amateur group to attempt, and the broadcast will undoubtedly be anticipated with pleasure by listeners interested in the musical progress made by local musical groups.

(Broadcasting on a frequency of 800 kilocycles per second).

Today

12.30 p.m. PROGRAMME SUMMARY
12.35 THE MUSIC GOES ROUND AND ROUND
1.15 NEWS WEATHER REPORT AND SPECIAL ANNOUNCEMENTS
1.30 LUNCHTIME MUSIC Westminster Light Orchestra
2.00 "JUST FOR YOU"
Listeners' Choice. Presented by Ray Hamilton.

2.45 ROUND THE ISLAND WALKING RACE
Interviews with competitors and commentary on the start from the Government Stadium, Hongkong. Commentaries: Iris Young, John Wallace and Ted Thomas.

3.15 A LIFE OF BLISS—WRITTEN BY GODFREY HARRISON.
Produced by Leslie Bridgmont. Episode 21.

3.45 FORCES' CHOICE.
Presented by Martin Kyne.

4.15 EXCERPTS FROM "PAL JOY" (RODGERS AND HART).
Sung by the Principals and Prof. of the Broadway Production, conducted by Lehman Engel.

4.45 ORQUESTA TIPICA DE MEXICO CITY.
La Banda: Ocho de Juventud; La Zumbadora; Viva Mi Desagrado; Chuchita en Chihuahua; El Pajarito; Cielito Lindo; Las Dieciséis; Maria Elena.

5.00 PRESENTING ANNE SHELTON AND DICKIE VALENTINE.
With Stanley Black and his orchestra.

How deep is the ocean? Where or when? Anne Shelton. All the time and everywhere. I see you again every night. When I was young. Night and day. The very thought of you—Anne Shelton. Guessing. To Anne—Dickie Valentine. La Estrella—Stanley Black (piano).

6.30 ORCHESTRAL FAVOURITES.
William Tell—Overture (Rossini). Edward Van Beethoven conducting the Concertgebouw Orchestra, Amsterdam. The Swan Lake (Tchaikovsky)—Sir John Barbiroll conducting the Halle Orchestra.

6.00 TIME SIGNAL AND PROGRAMME SUMMARY.
6.03 UNIT REQUESTS.
Presented by Linda.

7.00 "HAWAIIAN NIGHTS".
"At the Lagoon"—Princess Kawahiki and the Laka Boys.

7.30 PROGRAMME ON THE OCCASION OF BELGIUM'S NATIONAL DAY.
Specially prepared by the Belgian Broadcasting Service.

7.50 WEATHER REPORT.

8.00 TIME SIGNAL AND THE NEWS.

8.30 ROUND THE ISLAND WALKING RACE.
Presented by John Wallace.

8.35 ELIZABETH APPOINTMENT.
Sung by the Laka Boys.

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11.00 TIME SIGNAL AND THE NEWS.

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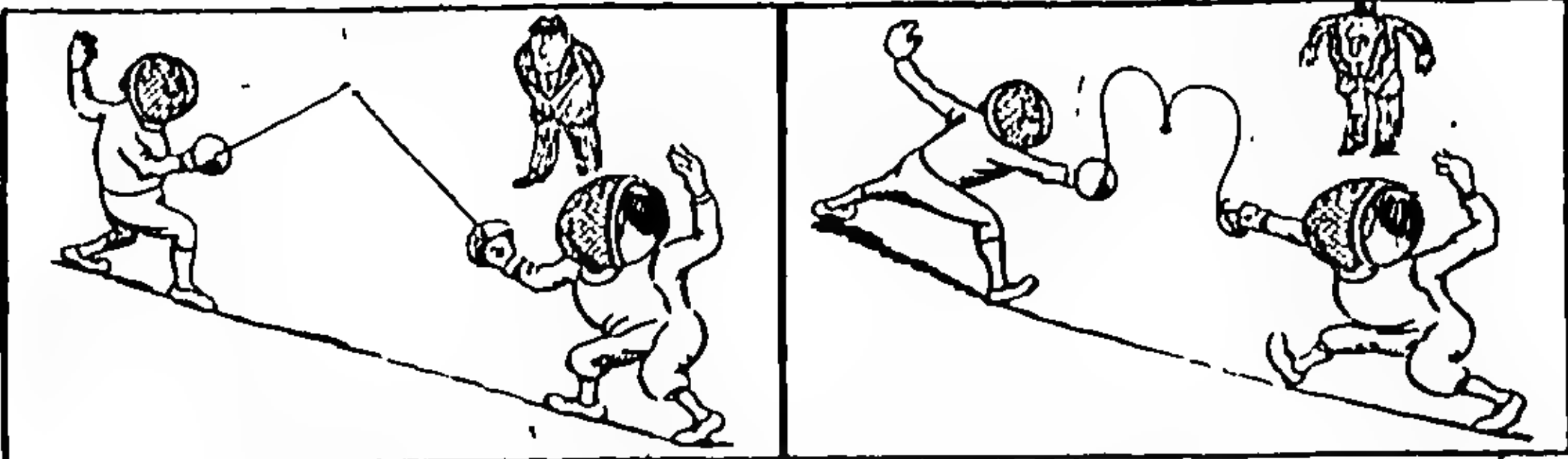
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SPORTING SAM

By Reg. Wootton



CRICKET IS LOSING ITS GRIP; MORE AND MORE EMPTY BENCHES

Says BRUCE DOOLAND

I am prepared to wager that back home in Australia more people were excited and delighted over the Wimbledon triumphs of Lew Hoad and Ken Rosewall than Ian Johnson's surprise Test victory at Lord's. This may astonish those people who still fondly imagine that every Aussie youngster is born with a bat or ball in his hand.

Cricket interest in Australia is waning alarmingly. I was shocked to note the change when last I was home. The youngsters nowadays are tennis mad. Cricket is a very poor second. And quite frankly, as one who loves cricket and firmly believes there is far more character building influence in it than tennis, I am rather alarmed.

I don't think the swing is quite as evident in England. Cricket is definitely losing ground in public esteem—but tennis is not taking over quite so clearly. Back home I suppose our weather is helping the swing. More important than that, I think, is the new build-up of players like Hoad and Rosewall.

After all, these boys are world class figures and have been for four years. Yet they are still only 21. Day after day the headlines, and I am perfectly sure Australian youngsters are wrapped up in their triumph. Progress that means that, subconsciously perhaps, every kid feels that he may well be a potential Hoad or Rosewall, and so it's the tennis racket for him.

Apart from the honour and the glory of National Championships all over the world, I know that every Aussie has a considerable interest in hard cash. And in big tennis these days it can be really big hard cash. Why, only last week I read that Hoad has turned down a £32,000 offer to turn professional. Can you wonder that children, and their parents, are being influenced and that that influence is showing itself more and more in the empty benches at our currently dull, five-day-a-week cricket?

FANCY CHANGES

I don't know what the answer is. I don't want to see any fancy changes in the game of cricket. There is too much character, too much quality, too much tradition and experience in it for that. But I think something will have to be done soon.

Lots of people disagree with me when I argue that despite its essential lack of quality crowd-pulling cricket is a matter of personalities—successful, colourful personalities—just as is the more individual game of tennis. Before the war Aussie cricketers looked to us like Bradman, Wally Hammond, Harold Larwood, Bill O'Reilly. They remembered those names long after any of the games results.

SPORTS QUIZ

1. Name the losing finalists in the Men's and Women's Singles Championships at Wimbledon this year.
2. What have these in common, Vanwall, Connaught and Ferrari?
3. He is 41 years old and last week was recalled to represent his country after a break of five years. Name please.
4. A 27-year-old this time, Champion of Britain, has just retired. Who is he?
5. Catch-as-catch-can and Greco-Roman are two forms of one sport. Name the sport.
6. Nationalities please of these famous sportsmen, Peter Thomson, Kurt Nielsen and Mario D'Agata.
7. What have these sportsmen in common, Ron Delany, Jim Bailey and Lazzio Tabat?
8. At an international sports event in Britain, this month victories were gained by a canvas. Which was the event?
9. How many 'Leis' is a player allowed in lawn tennis?
10. In cricket, is a batsman out if the ball is disturbed or must it be completely removed?

CRICKET CLINIC?

I often wonder if it wouldn't be a good idea to organise a cricket clinic at our big games. The kids would love the free coaching and their dads would like the close-up demonstration as well. It could be done in some spot away from the main play by the players not actually engaged. Certainly during the many rainy spells it could be a welcome way of stimulating interest.

Of course it would demand a certain amount of trouble. But surely the game is worth any amount of that. One of the troubles of cricket today is that too few are prepared to take the trouble to keep it in step with modern times.

The recall of Cyril Washbrook to the England team at 41 certainly set the cricket pavilions agog the other week. Everybody wishes Cyril well, for he is a fine player and a quiet, confident and popular character. But few, in the game, feel that it was a kind thing to ask him to do—especially as he is one of the selectors. I hope he has conformed, every breath, of discipline. If he has he has beaten the odds which must weigh heavily against the man of 41 trying to pick up Test cricket where he left off a full five years ago.

I reckon a batsman goes "over the top" around 35. I know there are exceptions—Hobbs, Bradman—but for most folk 35 is the peak, and after that a break is not easy to mount. Why, why?

Since the war Keith Miller and Ray Lawwell climbed pretty high, and I suppose Frank Tyson, Freddie Trueman, Peter May, Colin Cowdrey are coming close to having the same appeal. But are they really as crowd-commanding as the pre-war characters? I doubt it.

Today, when so many other counter-attractions are stealing both young players and paying spectators this is of crucial importance.

I think that cricket has really got to turn out some characters prepared to stir the tempo of the game quite considerably, or it will soon be in real trouble as a popular national sport—both in Britain and in Australia.

In this connection I would sound the warning that one of the greatest potential menaces to the production of personalities for mass coaching, if that had been the order of things in Australia a few years ago we probably would never have heard of Don Bradman or Bill O'Reilly. And England would certainly have lost half the character of Denis Compton.

In the new conveyor-belt training system Bradman's old grip—which served him astonishingly well—would have been altered. O'Reilly's bowling style would have been frowned upon and Compton's impetuously stiff.

In other words, three of the greatest crowd-pullers of our time might easily have been reduced to a common pattern. This mass coaching idea may well be valuable to teach certain coaching techniques for those who have to coach, but just don't like it for kids. But that is merely my opinion. Other people might like cricketers turned out to pattern.

I note that our top golfers these days usually stage a golf "clinic" for the addicts of the game. It is very likely that in the big tournaments, a clever technique has been developed whereby three or four of the top players demonstrate various shots while one of them explains the details of grip, swing, and a particular problem of the shot.

One indication of Continental interest in Speedway is the past week's Test victory, by two matches to one, of the Swedish team over England.

Another indication is the intensified interest of the Russians in the game. Already, they plan the completion of 17 large tracks throughout the Soviet Union.

Although they claim that their native riders are not yet ready for international competition, it is very likely indeed that they will be ready to put a team with a chance on the international track in time for next year's World Championships.

They had observers at the May championship eliminator for Continental countries in Warsaw, and they will almost certainly be represented at Wembley in September.... watching and noting.

What fantastic follows they are! When they decided, six years ago, to take up big-time international ice hockey, they determined to import Canadian coaches. They merely watched the experienced countries play the game, and then their notes, and entered for the Cortina Olympics—and WON! They will go through the same process with speedway as they are currently with golf and tennis, and heaven help us if they ever decide to take up cricket and bowls.

They will certainly be there making notes when, at Oslo, eight Swedes, six Poles, one Norwegian, and one German compete to find a best Continental four for the Wembley World Championship final.

LEAGUE BOWLS

KCC START THEIR UPHILL FIGHT TODAY TO STAY IN CHAMPIONSHIP RACE

By "TOUCHER"

Kowloon Cricket Club start their uphill fight this afternoon for the receding Colony First Division Lawn Bowls League title when they take on Recreo at King's Park.

The Cricket Club bowlers fell down badly last week from their favourable position by losing to Kowloon Bowling Green Club by 4-1 to allow Craighengower to increase their lead as the contestants come into the final stretch.

Despite this setback, the Kowloonites are still within reach of the Division title. They will, however, have to collect at least 21 points from their remaining five tough matches which include two against Recreo and one against IRC "Blues".

They must win this afternoon's game by at least a 4-1 margin to give themselves a 40-60 chance of overtaking Craighengower in the final reckoning. A 4-1 defeat for them will mean that they will have to win all their outstanding matches by a 6-0 margin each—an almost impossible task.

Both Recreo and Kowloon Cricket Club will take to the green with reshuffled line-ups this afternoon. Recreo will have their three usual skipper, C. H. Pao, Jackie Noronha and Johnny Ribeiro, but will field two new players in C. P. Bui, F. X. M. Silva and a new No. 3 in E. M. Alarcoun.

TACTICAL LINE-UP

Kowloon Cricket Club appear to be putting up a tactical line-up against Recreo, obviously going out for a 4-1 win. Hong Sing's four with Charlie Thompson, J. Tang and J. Chubb as front men seem to be good for one point.

Should Furley Kerman's four, who have been playing extremely well as a team during the last few weeks, be able to maintain their form, the Cricket Club should be able to collect at least four points from this game.

Their third rink of D. Phillips, M. J. Divedia, J. Duffield and W. Gaffney will be playing together for the first time and seem to me the weakest of the three. Though probably intended as a sacrifice rink, this combination may yet surprise.

The IRC "Blues" suffered a more devastating blow than KCC last week-end by losing to Talukoo by five points to nil. As a result of this defeat their chances of coming out at the top of the final League table are almost nil.

They must not only win all their remaining four matches with maximum points but also wait for either Craighengower to drop one point or KCC to drop five points in the two clubs' outstanding games. Against the Filipino Club today they can, however, keep up whatever optimistic hopes they have by taking full points.

Although with only three matches to go and the Championship title back again within their grasp, Craighengower still have a

thorny path ahead. This afternoon they will be up against the giant-killing Talukoo twelve, fresh from their recent 5-0 triumph over the IRC "Blues".

With the Craighengower bowlers playing much below the form they displayed during the early part of the season and with the Talukoo twelve hitting their top form at the moment, anything may happen in this game.

In the first game between the two teams played at Talukoo, the decision was fully extended their opponents before losing by a 4-1 margin and only by five shots on the aggregate.

There is no doubt that Craighengower will have their hands full this afternoon trying to save off the Talukoo threat. Unless they strike somewhere near their top form, they may find themselves back again where they were just before the downfall of IRC "Blues" and KCC.

The Craighengower line-up, too, has much to be desired. Coates is woefully wasted as No. 3 to Joe Landolt. In the two matches that he has played so far, Coates has shown how much more valuable he could be by being given a rink.

The Second Division games will see the race continue for the runner-up position among Recreo, HKFC, KCC, CCC and USRC, with Recreo being the best bet to maintain their second place with a probable 5-0 win over PRC.

The League-leading Kowloon Dock "Blues" will be guests of Craighengower and the main interest in this game will be centred on whether Kowloon's four will be able to maintain their unbeaten record in the League.

In the Third Division, the match between CCC and KBGC has been postponed due to shortage of greens and HKPSA are expected to retain the League leadership with at least a 4-1 win over HKERC.

OPEN TRIPLES

Tomorrow, the Colony Open Triples Championship enters the second round with a programme of eight matches on different greens.

The Triples Championship has become the "cup of the year" this year. One after another favoured combination has been eliminated and out of the sixteen combinations left it is extremely difficult to pick up likely winners.

The best game of the afternoon will probably be that between KCC's J. Dooly, J. Tang and J. Duffield and KBGC's J. Thidall, E. J. Liddell and A. Eastman to be played at Recreo.

Another good game should be seen at KBGC where Recreo's J. C. Fonseca, A. P. Pereira and C. C. Pereira will be pitted against Kowloon Dock's S. Telford, W. Hiley and G. Coles.

TODAY'S GAMES

- First Division**
Recreo v. KCC
CCC v. TC
KBGC v. IRC "Gold"
FC v. IRC "Blue"
- Second Division**
USRC v. HKFC
PRC v. Recreo
CCC v. KCC "Blue"
KCC "White" v. FC
HKCC v. KCC
- Third Division**
CCC v. KBGC (postponed)
PRC v. FC
HKERC v. HKPSA
KCC v. HKFC
- Ladies' League**
KCC v. KBGC "Green"
PRC v. KBGC
TC v. FC
KCC "Red" v. USRC
KCC "White" v. CCC "Yellow"

SPORTS SPECTRUM

There's A New Glean In The Bird's Eye View

A roar from the dice school in the corner showed that some unfortunate soul was on the wrong end of a bill for a round of drinks. The big smile on his face as they pushed their chairs back from the table was adequate indication that neither Big John nor Mr Wong was due for the big dip in the pocket.

"You look particularly bright and cheerful today," said John as his old friend banged the bar to hasten his successful dice player's reward. What's the special occasion? Got a pink ticket or something?"

Mr Wong gave John a sly look as he sipped his drink. "How accurately you assess a situation. How cleverly you diagnose my gaily symptoms, for the truth is that I'm on the loose for the night. My misadventure in a private cinema drive in aid of some worthy charity or other—these are her own words—and there is no worry about any demanding and menacing phone calls upsetting the calculated pleasures of my evening...."

John saw that Wong was really enjoying the circumstances and felt that a well placed word or two would put him in the right mood. Trust you to organise things well. You always were a cunning old fox when it came to fixing and fiddling and it's reassuring to see you haven't lost your touch."

Wong accepted the compliment with a concealed satisfaction and turned the incident to a close with a quiet disclaimer. "Don't worry, John, some of us have the inborn ability to organise things.... but I suppose you'll learn in time...."

"Coming from you that's really rich.... but as you say only time will tell," replied John, as he called for another round of refreshments.

By now the pair had made their way to the familiar table by the window where so many wily battles had been fought, but the general air of goodwill suggested that quiet waters lay ahead.

The No. 1 boy placed the drinks and some potato crisps on the table as Mr Wong glanced over the front page of his 'China Mail'.... and then came the innocent sort of remark that in the past had given birth to so many discussions between the two worthies. "Tell me, John, do you ever read that column in the Morning Post.... what's it called.... Bate in the Belfry.... or the Cuckoo Column...."

"You mean Bird's Eye View.... I never miss it.... and clever and funny it is," cut in Big John....

"Well, I was very nearly correct.... I had the right sort of idea.... but I don't know about it being clever or funny.... sometimes I can't understand the darnedest thing and that always makes me furious...."

Before John could make any comment Wong pitched right into the fray again. "Did you see it on Thursday? It had something about it being a good idea if every football team had its own newspaper. What was the sense or the humour in that? Does it make any sense to you?"

"Don't your friends ever tell you anything," counter-queried Big John.... but then maybe if they did it would still be too subtle for you.... It's a subtle and clever paragraph...."

Wong decided to let the bait slip but without knowing it he had scored a provocative hit on his companion's fancy, and John seemed to be reflecting on the text of the little paragraph which Wong had quoted.

"It's a most intriguing suggestion," he commented as a smile played around his face. "Just think of the week-end fun we could have if we had regular publication of.... say.... the South China Clarion.... or the KMB Courier, the Eastern Express, the Army Album, the Club Clarion, the RAF Rag and so on. Each team would then have its own staff of sports reporters and I think that might give rise to some really brilliant

controversy. Imagine the fun we could have. It would put the Yankee comics right out of business...."

"Suppose—for the sake of discussion—the Club aspect of predictions by knocking South China out of the Scatter Shield by 4 goals to 1 on a Sunday.... the Clarion and the Clarioner would be documents deluxe on Monday...."

"The Clarioner would probably appear with eleven photographs acclaiming 'OUR HEROES' and some American style shock-lactic reporting would tell of the wonders achieved by the boys in blue and white. It might even tell how unfortunate it was that the smaller Chinese boys had persisted in running into our boys' shoulders and falling down.... and it might also spare a word of commendation for the referee who had, very correctly of course, awarded them three late penalty kicks...."

"Wong, m'boy, it would be wonderful stuff. Just think too what the Clarion would have to say about the same game. The headline would probably tell the soccer thousands 'WE WUZ ROBBED' and the front page might even carry a private investigator's appreciation of the referee's ancestry. It would probably also tell how the little Chinese players had been let down by their massive opponents and would show in pictures they had been bowled over every time they went near the ball...."

Wong began to see the funny side of Big John's make-believe and chuckled in with.... and just think how a fight between two players would be reported. One side of the story would probably go something like this—During a particularly hectic period of play, our centre-half was struck very hard on the right flut by the opposing centre-forward's nose and a few seconds later while trying to get to the ball he was again the victim of a deliberate attack. This time the centre-forward's groin hit him right across the knee with great force. It is a mystery to this reporter how the irresponsible referee who was in charge of the game did not send the centre-forward off the field.... the sum of the said to our poor long suffering centre-half! You're right, John, there are great new possibilities in this Bate in The Belfry suggestion...."

"It is the Bird's Eye View," John corrected with a trace of impatience in his voice.

"....well whatever it is.... I agree with you it has hit on a brilliant idea. I'd become a subscriber No. 1 to all the papers, but I'm afraid I'd be taking a few Mondays off just to read them.... incidentally, what about the little prattle about football teams and newspapers anyhow?"

Big John thought over that for a long time as Wong had the glasses replenished. "I'm not really competent to answer that, well not completely," he said slowly.... "but it is all centred round the repeated misconduct of two of our teams in Singapore.... our Ambassadors who played football—and there seems to be a difference of local opinion as to whether or not we should believe what the newspapers and commentators have had to say about it.... both in reports from Singapore.... and in comments made here. There seem to be those who feel we should associate ourselves with reliable or the sports critics in showing or voicing our genuine disgust at what is alleged to have taken place...."

"What," Wong almost shouted, "you mean that after all the reports we've read we should still be like a big soccer ostrich and pretend it never happened. I wonder what the local papers.... and the MacTavish fellow, in particular, would have to say if the same thing happened between two visiting teams in Hongkong.... makes an interesting thought...."

With that the bell rang in the telephone booth. Wong, almost out of instinct, swung round to see the time on the clock, and then rather sheepishly remembered his pink ticket.... "Must be your Missus this time," he said as John got himself on the outside of his drink and nodded to the boy for a replacement....

John seemed completely confident and unconcerned. "Oh no, it won't be her. I'm sure. She's gone to a cinema drive.... in aid of some worthy charity.... as a matter of fact I saw her the other day of the page of clothes.... got the firm one.... but never mind we all seem to be clear in this...."

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POP



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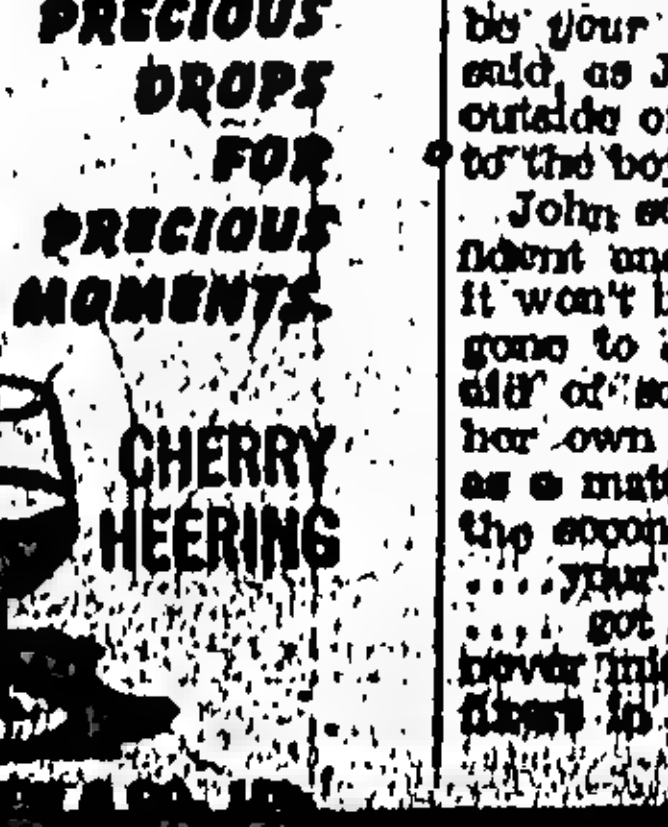
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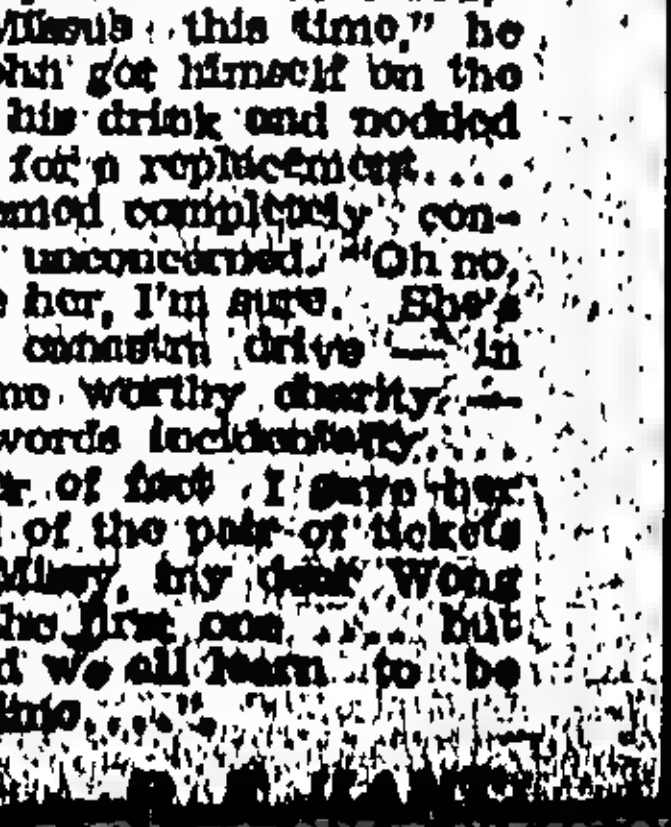
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Colonel UP and Mr. DOWN... by Walter



PARADE

A COLUMN OF THE UNUSUAL ABOUT
PEOPLE AND PLACES AND THINGS

RADIO

COMEBACK The great TV show, "The Millionaire," is back. It has been absent from the air for a long time, but it is now back again. The show is a quiz show where contestants answer questions to win money. The show is hosted by a man named Bob Stewart. The show is very popular and has been on the air for many years.

TOO STRONG The new TV show, "The Millionaire," is back. It has been absent from the air for a long time, but it is now back again. The show is a quiz show where contestants answer questions to win money. The show is hosted by a man named Bob Stewart. The show is very popular and has been on the air for many years.

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YOUR BIRTHDAY... By STELLA

SATURDAY, JULY 21

BORN today, you have keen intuitions and this, combined with your natural common sense, makes you a person to give counsel during times of crisis. You are able to argue a case well and, since you have the gift of being able to speak fluently in public, you should select a career in which these talents can be used. You would make a fine defence attorney for one thing. You have executive ability and can plan things on a grand scale, delegating others to do the detail work. You are able to select capable co-workers and rarely, if ever, err in judgment when it comes to sizing up an applicant for a position. This gift would make you valuable in personnel work. You are "canny" and rather shrewd when it comes to financial details and probably will accumulate considerable wealth during your lifetime. Since you are saving and wise in making investments, you will provide for your family comfortably.

Perhaps your one fault—and that is a minor one—is in your tendency to scatter your interests too widely and not concentrate sufficiently on a single objective. You have a wide field of interest and must learn to narrow your field if you are to utilize your talents with the utmost of efficiency. Although travel and adventure interest you, remember that it is putting down roots in one place that will count for the most in the long run.

Among those born on this date are: Ernest Hemingway, Robert Coates, Hans Fallada, Frances Keyes, author; Hart Crane, poet; Leonard Whiting, actress; Arthur Treacher and Chauncy O'Leary, actors; and John M. Read and Stanley Matthews, jurists.

To find what the stars have in store for you tomorrow, select your birthday star and read the corresponding paragraph. Let your birthday star be your daily guide.

SUNDAY, JULY 22

CANCER (June 23-July 23)—An important day with the moon full. You can accomplish miracles today if you put your mind on it!

LEO (July 24-Aug. 23)—A day of devotion this morning. You might find benefit from a short ride into the countryside.

VIRGO (Aug. 24-Sept. 23)—Avoid taking unnecessary risks, especially if you are travelling by car. Take the unwearied roads if you can.

LIBRA (Sept. 24-Oct. 23)—This can prove an exciting day. If travelling, you might find a new and exciting romance. Keep your eyes open!

SCORPIO (Oct. 24-Nov. 22)—Caution is needed today in making decisions. Think before you leap into something.

SAGITTARIUS (Nov. 23-Dec. 22)—Keep your hands on the controls and you can go full speed ahead on some important project.

CAPRICORN (Dec. 23-Jan. 20)—Get important matters settled early this morning. Plans disintegrate as the day lengthens.

AQUARIUS (Jan. 21-Feb. 19)—Your plans may be suddenly changed, but you can adjust if you try hard enough.

PISCES (Feb. 20-Mar. 21)—If you are discreet, you can do just about anything you want to do now. Put personal affairs in order.

ARIES (Mar. 22-Apr. 20)—You need a clear head to deal with things today. There can be confusion unless you operate wisely.

TAURUS (Apr. 21-May 21)—A telephone call from a distance may change the pattern of today's activities. Adjust yourself.

GEMINI (May 22-June 22)—A pleasant social day. When on a short trip, you may meet some new and interesting people.

MONDAY, JULY 23

CANCER (June 23-July 23)—There may be some confusion in today's aspects, so approach all problems with wisdom and a calm attitude.

LEO (July 24-Aug. 23)—Your state of happiness depends to a large degree upon your personal attitude toward life. Be constructive.

VIRGO (Aug. 24-Sept. 23)—Back to work and the usual Monday morning problems are apt to persist. Patience will solve them. Act tactfully.

LIBRA (Sept. 24-Oct. 23)—A fine day for introducing a new idea. You can even afford to take a calculated risk.

SCORPIO (Oct. 24-Nov. 22)—You may want to make a readjustment in your personal and business relations or environment. A good day for it.

SAGITTARIUS (Nov. 23-Dec. 22)—If you are tactful, you can ride out any difference of opinion which might lead to serious argument.

CAPRICORN (Dec. 23-Jan. 20)—Be careful today. There is a tendency toward haste which can cause unnecessary accidents. Be on guard.

AQUARIUS (Jan. 21-Feb. 19)—This is another testing day. If you have kept your head over the week-end, then all goes well now.

PISCES (Feb. 20-Mar. 21)—Be careful in personal relationships, for the slightest wrong step can cause considerable misunderstanding.

ARIES (Mar. 22-Apr. 20)—Now you can make up for any time lost during the past few days. Take positive action on important matters.

TAURUS (Apr. 21-May 21)—Caution is still indicated for today. If you have important decisions to make, be calm and take your time.

GEMINI (May 22-June 22)—Impulses are not to be trusted. Think carefully a second time before you leap into action.

BULL DAZED Three times in one week Texas-born, 24-year-old would-be actor Patricia Hayes, was tossed by a bull in a Lashburn arena. In the last of three attempts, she was thrown, trampled, and sent flying the 141 before her collapse. 19-year-old Lulu Perez, rescued her.

Patricia started fighting bulls at the age of two years ago. She wanted to fight them in Spain, but the Spaniards would not allow women to be matadors.

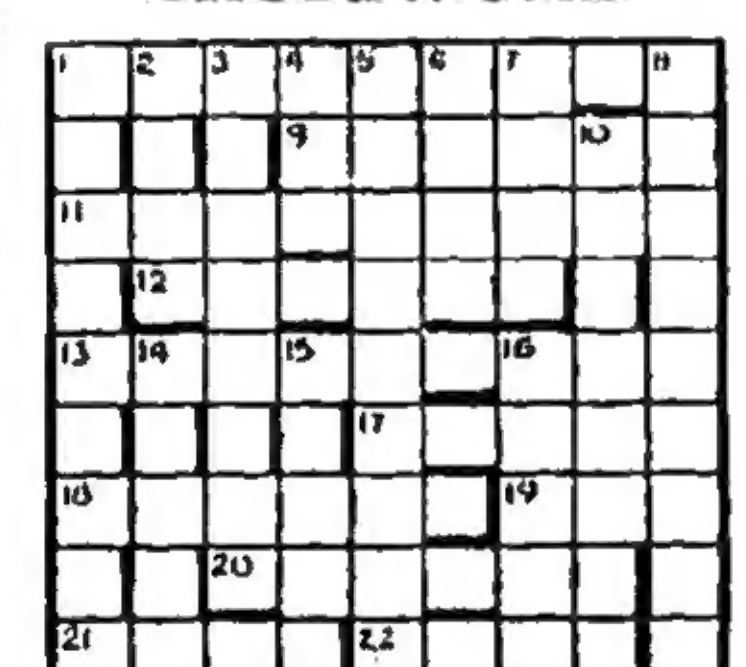
ANOTHER BOY The 41-year-old wife of a Burmese sailor has given birth at Mandalay, Upper Burma, to her 22nd child—a boy. Of the surviving 17 children, the eldest is a girl of 27 and the youngest a four-year-old boy.

The wife's name—My Mya Ma—Her husband—Maung Pong Maung Pong.

NO CHAN TARTAN The eleven-year-old who has won six firsts, including a grand aggregate, in highland dancing in Saskatchewan and Winnipeg is named Betty Chan, a Chinese Canadian.

For the time being she is in the Royal Stuart Tartan, says Father Kim Chan. "We haven't got a Chan tartan yet."

CROSSWORD



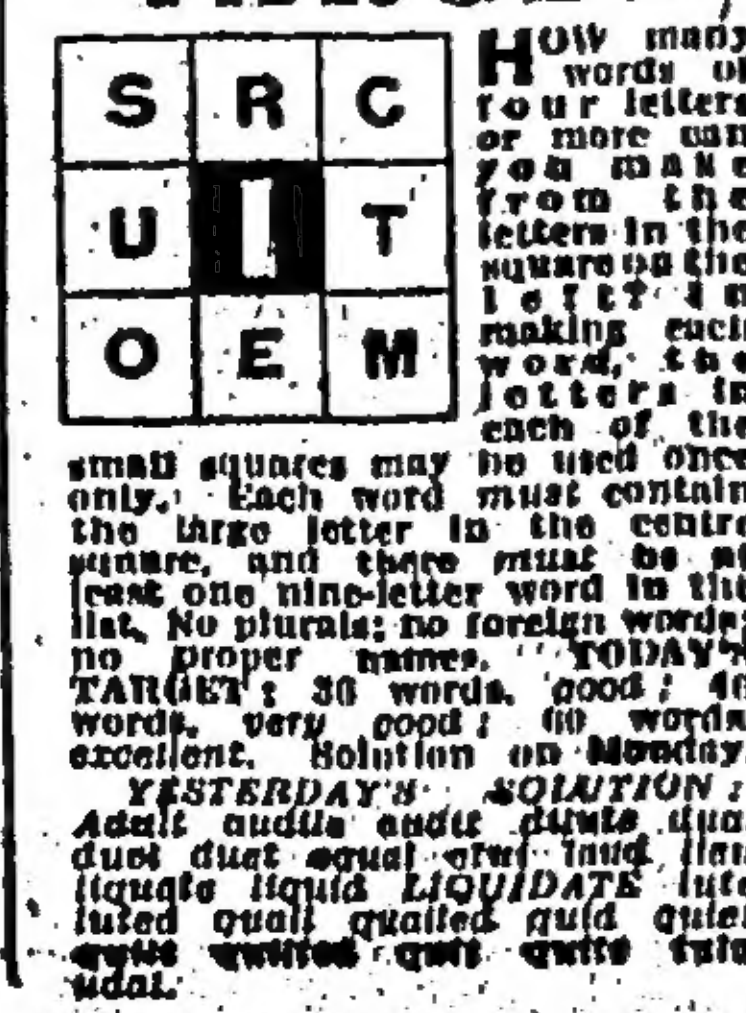
Across

1. It puts a twist into the lock—at night. (4-6)
2. Decorated. (6)
3. These are the answers. (9)
4. "The" of night were falling fast. (5)
5. Household task. (5)
6. The girl is no expert—maybe no one for two wrong holes. (6)
7. It may be original but it isn't the right thing to do. (3)
8. What a golfer, even an 18 Acorns, has to do on the green. (4)
9. Little grey home situation. (4)
10. The murders in Macbeth are. (4)

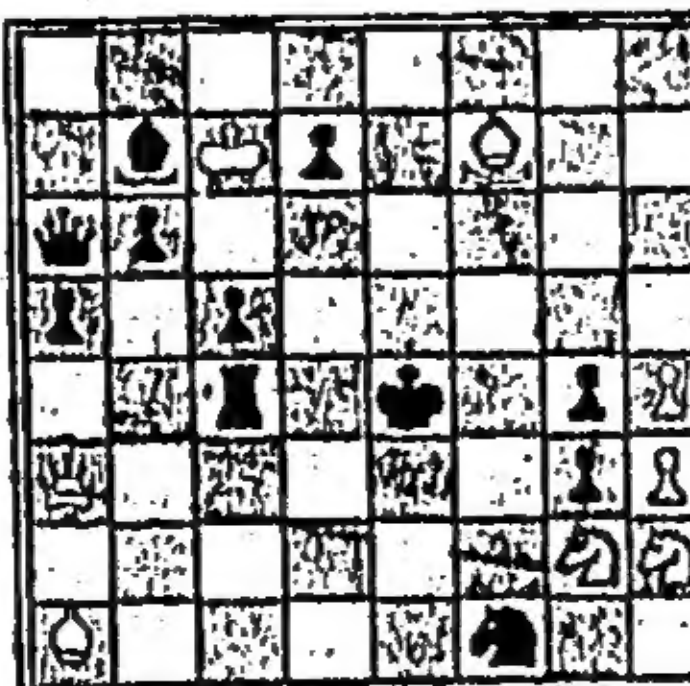
Down

1. You must be settled, but not necessarily well-bossed, to use this implement. (9)
2. Employed. (4)
3. Are there tasks necessary on the roofs of thatched cottages? (4, 4)
4. Cast from the theatrical slope. (3)
5. Four O.D. sin (anag.). (9)
6. The queen, definitely late. (4)
7. Kilturankie is noted for this. (4)
8. A's some. (4)
9. The fool's hardiness. (9)
10. M. A. K. a. (4)
11. Sphere of influence. (6)
12. From the dandelion that he's a. (2, 3)

TARGET



CHESS PROBLEM

By A. O. EVANG
Black, 11 pieces.

White, 8 pieces.
White to play: mate in three.
Solution to yesterday's problem:
1. Tr... Q3; any; 2. Q... R... or Kt (ch, or dnt ch), mate.

JACOBY
ON BRIDGEPartner's Help
Needed In Plot

By OSWALD JACOBY

A GOOD player does his best to deceive the opponents, but he can't always do the job by himself. Partner's co-operation is sometimes needed.

West opened the six of spades, and South won with the queen. Expecting no trouble with the hand, South led the ace of clubs. West discarded the three of spades, and South realized that he would be limited to three club tricks.

The only chance, now, was to develop a second diamond trick. Since there was no need to hurry, South first took the top hearts and returned to his hand with a club to run the rest of the hearts.

South next led a low diamond and finessed dummy's nine. East won with the king, hoping to

NORTH 22			
♠ 52			
♥ A K			
♦ A J 9 3			
♣ 10 7 6 4 3			
WEST			
♠ 10 8 7 6 3			
♥ 7 6 3 2			
♦ 10 8 4 2			
♣ None			
EAST			
♠ J 9 4			
♥ 8 5 4			
♦ K Q			
♣ J 9 8 5 2			
SOUTH (D)			
♠ A K Q			
♥ Q J 10 9			
♦ 7 6 5			
♣ A K Q			
Both sides vul.			
South	West	North	East
1 ♠	Pass	1 ♠	Pass
3 N.T.	Pass	3 N.T.	Pass
Pass	Pass	Pass	Pass
Opening lead—♠ 6			

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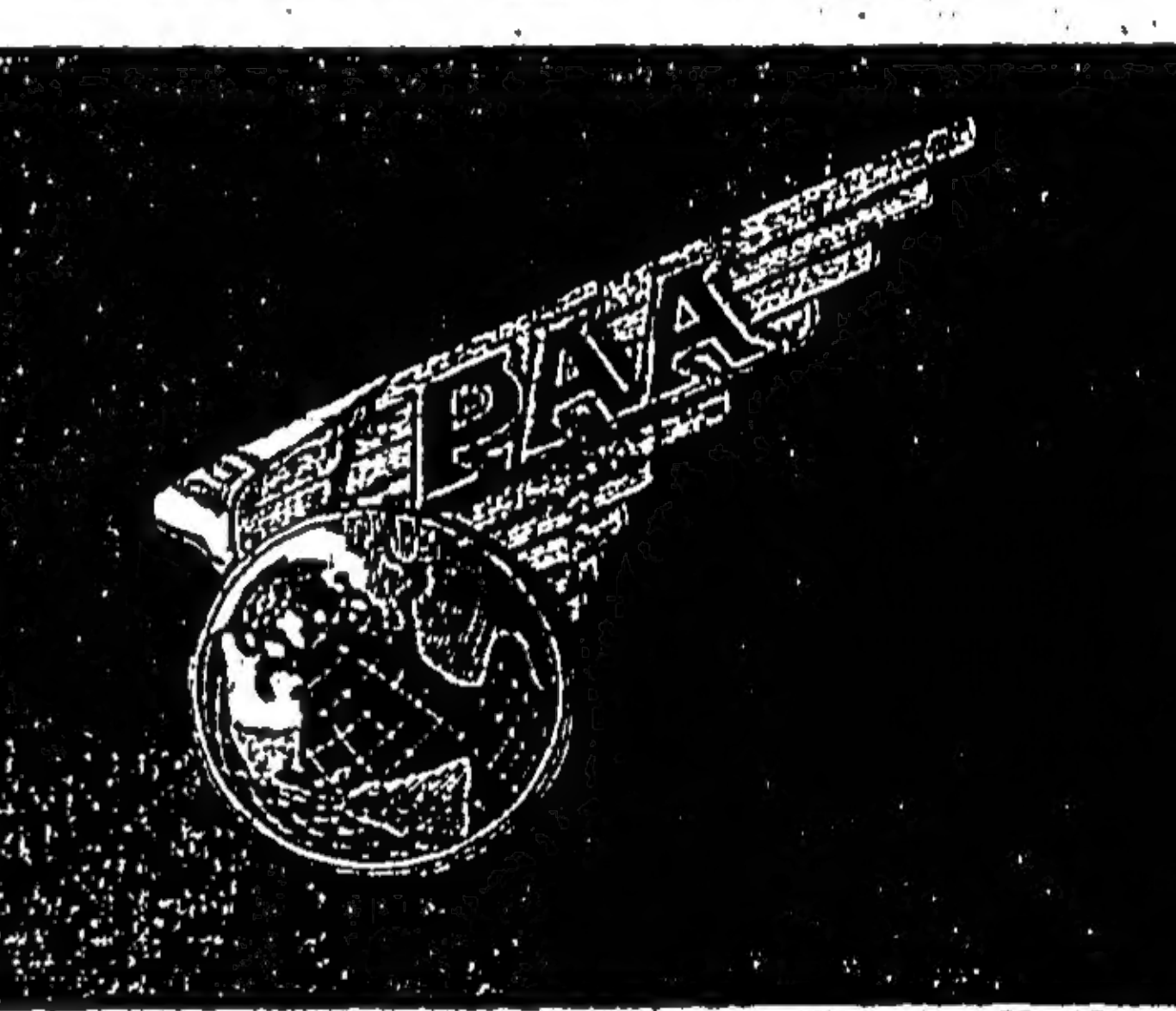
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This Funny World



"When do you think I'll be well enough to eat the things that disagree with me, Doc?"

